Smith

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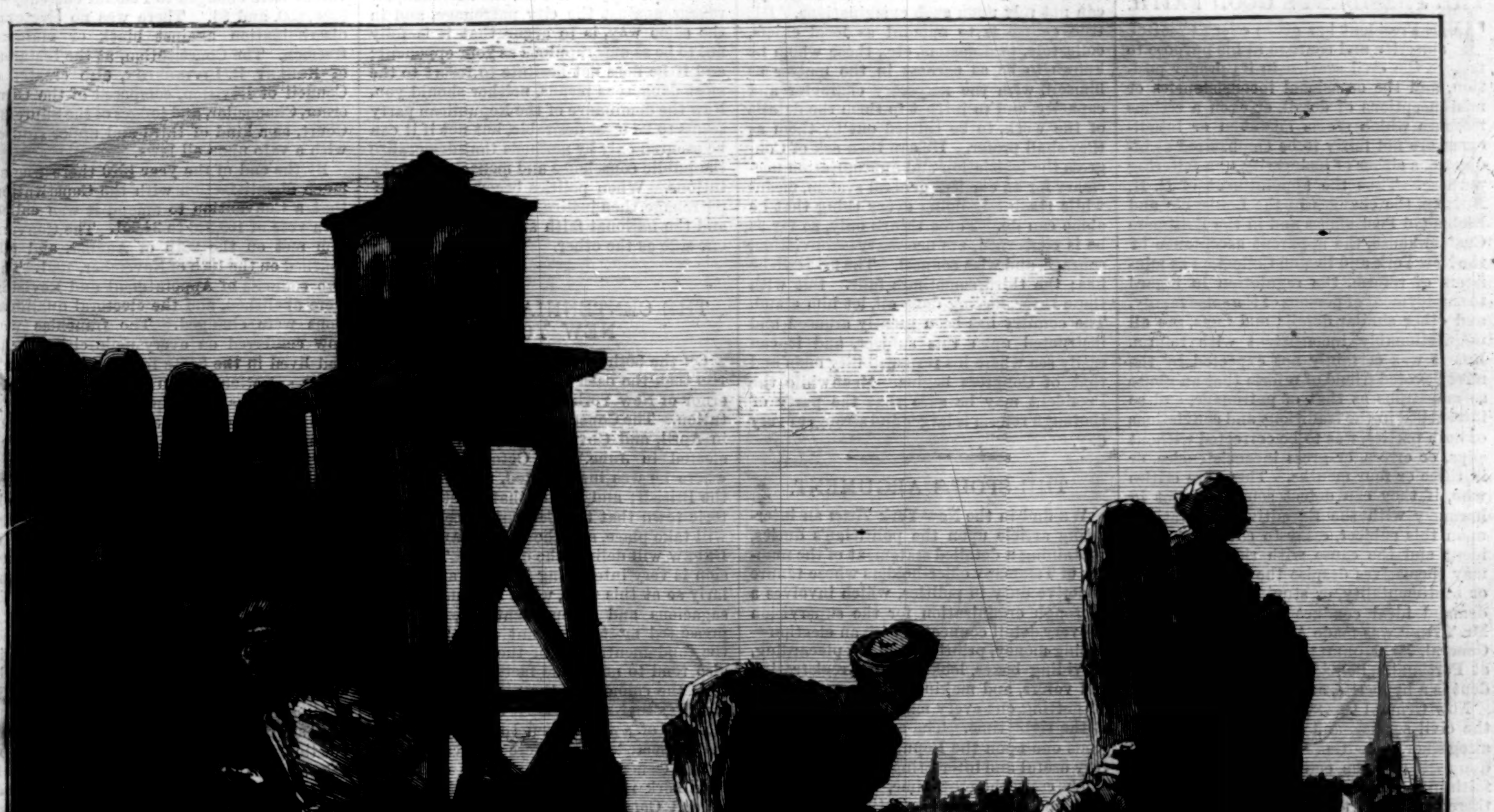

"THE GREAT DOCK FISHERIES."—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—[SEE PAGE 609.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

The ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a beautiful double-page engraving, entitled "Fleeing from Persecution," and other attractive features.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE PRESIDENT'S GOOD FAITH.

THE President has given every proof of sincerity and courage in his purpose to restore the civil service to its proper position, and the occasional inconsistencies or misconceptions of detail, or even a serious measure which seems mistaken or injudicious, are not fairly to be emphasized as indications either of insincerity or a faltering purpose. Thus the appointment of G. H. BUTLER, the changes in the Louisville and Richmond Post-offices and in the Baltimore Custom-house, the apparent acceptance of the New York and Boston Collectors as ministers of reform, the regulation in regard to employment of persons of the same family, and other similar details and facts, are all unquestionably inconsistent with reform. But it was certainly not expected by the most devoted friend of reform that an abuse so monstrous as that of patronage, and so intrenched in the traditions and convictions of both parties, was to be corrected without slips, or errors, or gross inconsistencies, or in three or four months. There are critics who, if they can detect some fact not in harmony with the Executive declarations upon this subject, essay to cover the President and the cause with ridicule. They may themselves despise the effort as cant, or sentimentality, or stupid folly, but they demand ideal conduct of the Executive. Mr. TYNER was made Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. MORRILL was made Collector at Portland. Behold! they cry, the President is a hypocrite, and reform a sham.

Now General GRANT essayed a reform of the civil service, and finally abandoned it altogether, notwithstanding his pledge to Congress and the country that he should faithfully adhere to it. But we do not therefore think that he was a hypocrite. He had entirely misapprehended the conditions under which reform was possible, and he was unwilling to cope with the chief difficulty. Indeed, his well-meant effort actually increased the evils of the old system, for it necessarily counted upon a good faith in subordinates which was not always found, and when it was wanting, the plan protected the abuse, as the President was plainly told would be the result. President HAYES, however, had very clear convictions upon the subject before he came to the Presidency. He has shown in the selection of his cabinet and in his conduct in the Southern States that he has the courage of his convictions. He has proved it, also, in his order regarding the political activity of civil officers; and whatever gross mistakes and inconsistencies may have been justly pointed out in certain instances and details, and however inadequate certain measures and acts may appear to be, we have no doubt that the great mass of those who are intelligently and truly interested in a thorough reform of the spoils system of the civil service have the utmost faith in the single purpose of the President to take politics out of the control of the office-holding class, and thereby to purify and elevate the political tone of the country. But, in estimating his action, while not concealing failures and inconsistencies, it is but fair constantly to bear in mind the limitations of his power. The President can do much, but he can not do all. As we have said more than once, it is the good fortune of the country that we have a President who will lead in the movement. But the number of offices to which he has the sole power of appointment is very few indeed. There may be, for instance, thirty-five thousand postmasters, and of these he nominates perhaps four or five thousand to the Senate. But his selections are at the mercy of the Senate, and all the remaining thirty thousand are named by the Postmaster-General. The President may instruct that officer to appoint only in a certain way and upon certain grounds. But unless the Postmaster-General be as sincerely devoted to a sound system as himself, it is plain that the President's purpose may be easily baffled. He can, indeed, nominate another Postmaster-General; but the Senate controls the nomination, and it might well seem unwise to a President, under all the circumstances surrounding him, to make the question the pivot of his administration.

So in regard to other offices and to the whole service. A sensible system of the civil service implies entrance at the lower grades after honest and uninfluenced examination, probation, and promotion. The first step is the important step. But the details and methods of the examination should obviously be confided to a body outside of the offices to be filled, like the Civil Service Commission in England. This, however, is wholly beyond the President's control, and can be effected only by law and maintained by appropriations. All that the President alone can do is what General GRANT undertook to do—to authorize the employment of those already in the service as examiners; and such persons are necessarily under the eye and influence of their local superiors. In the absence of legislation the President can not rely upon such examinations. His true course is to appoint as local chiefs, collectors, postmasters, etc., those whom he knows to be as earnest in the matter as himself, with the necessary character and capacity, and to intrust to them the details of the work, to be carried out by them as they shall prefer. He can then ask of Congress the legislation and appropriation necessary for an efficient general system, meanwhile resolutely doing every thing that he alone can do. Three things only, so far as he is concerned, are necessary—conviction, courage, and wise counsel. The first two he has; the third sometimes fails. But with these three, having done all, let him stand. The country has been greatly aroused and instructed upon this subject, and it can easily see where his responsibility ends and that of Congress begins. Meanwhile the President may be sure that the party of thorough reform is larger and stronger every day.

THE SPOILS ARGUMENT.

WE find in the New York *Times* an interesting article upon the politician's duties, containing a detailed statement of the number of Tammany office-holders whose tenure is active duty in politics, which involves a thorough organization for the supervision of every detail connected with an election—raising money, printing, folding, placarding, providing boxes, looking after registration and voters, and making every arrangement for getting out every man on the right side at the right time. The article, with a previous one upon the Republican machine, is very useful and interesting, as showing how much care, thought, time, money, trouble, skill, and courage are essential in the highly complex electoral system, in cities, to bring out the vote. This is the main-stay of the spoils system of the civil service. Its argument is that there must be a machine, and that there is and can be no sure way of having one except to make it of office-holders. We grant that this is the very point of the question. There must be organization; and if, as this argument claims, there can be no effective organization except by creating a special political class, then popular government, in any reasonable sense, is a failure.

The article, describing several "hard" quarters of the city of New York, continues:

> "No decently dressed man dare appear at the polls there unless at the risk of his life. His costume would be an insult to the free Democratic voter. Yet at these places quite a large Republican vote is polled, and is counted, too; but it would neither be the one nor the other unless there were the Republican inspectors, challengers, and other aids on duty, and these must all be residents of each place in which they act. Tammany has its office-holders here not by twos and threes, but by dozens. All its patronage is distributed with a view to controlling these localities. Were not an equally strong gang of poor, hard-fisted, and shoulder-hitting fellows acting for the Republicans at those places, not only would there be no Republican vote counted, but the fraudulent voting on the Tammany side would be as great to-day as it ever was in the palmy days of TWEED."

We do not understand that this is offered as an argument for making effective shoulder-hitting and bruising a qualification for the civil service, nor as a plea that Tammany should be defeated because of these among other offenses, and that Republicans will never defeat Tammany if they hesitate to do what Tammany does. It is put forth as a stringent statement of the fact that there must be an efficient protection of the polls in some parts of the city in order to secure a Republican vote there, and that well-dressed and orderly citizens can not personally furnish such protection. The whole question is then reduced to one of method—nothing more. The argument is that bruisers are necessary to secure the vote. All that remains is to decide how they shall be hired. Shall they be paid by places in the public service, or by cash? This statement of the article in the *Times* is the strongest possible statement of the situation at certain polls in the city of New York. It concerns at the most a few thousand votes. It relates to a state of things which was most complete in TWEED'S palmy days, and in those palmy days it was overcome by a union of patriotism and interest. Now to prostitute the entire civil service of the country, and to invite the radical and general peril to American institutions involved in that prostitution, in order to protect a few polls for which adequate protection can always be hired for money, is to burn down your house to roast your pig.

To say that the money can not be raised, is merely to assert that the supporters of a party do not care enough about it to take the necessary means of sustaining it; and if they do not, why should the country at large be asked to sustain it by means of the civil service? If Republicans in the city of New York are so indifferent to success as to be unwilling to bring out their vote by the necessary labor and expense, they ought to pay the penalty. To assert that they are fools if they do not use the national patronage against the city patronage, and in the same way, is to argue that it is folly not to be as unscrupulous as your opponent; and if he does not hesitate to resort to the most dangerous means, neither should you. Now the dominance of the Republican party seems to us most desirable, but not if it can be secured only by methods that demoralize the public conscience and menace free institutions. When politics become a fight of patronage, then justice, liberty, equal rights, and the national faith are just as safe with one side as the other.

THE CENTENNIAL YEAR OF NEW YORK.

ON the 30th of July, 1777, GEORGE CLINTON took the oath of office as the first Governor of New York under the State Constitution. The Constitution had been adopted in April, and Governor CLINTON had been elected in June. In October, Kingston, where he was inaugurated, was burned by the British; and it is in that quiet and historic town that the Centennial celebration will take place, and the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW will deliver the oration. The occasion is very interesting in itself, and peculiarly so at this time, when a commission of sagacious and independent citizens have presented most important amendments to the fundamental law of the State. It will also tend to make the facts of the change from the colonial to the State organization familiar to New Yorkers, and refresh the memory of a time when the most eminent and respected citizens were political leaders.

The General Assembly of the colony of New York refused to send delegates to the Second Continental Congress. In March, 1775, therefore, the Committee of the City and County of New York issued a call, in accordance with which a Provincial Convention was held, which elected such delegates. This Convention dissolved on the 22d of April, 1775, and the next day came the news from Concord and Lexington. The feeling of the city burst into a flame, and circulars were sent out to the various counties inviting a Provincial Congress to meet on the 22d of May, 1775. The first Provincial Congress met on that day; the second, on the 6th of December; the third, on the 18th of May, 1776; and the fourth, on the 9th of July, when, having read and unanimously agreed to the Declaration of Independence, it changed its title to the Convention of the Representatives of the State of New York. This body was migratory, meeting in various towns, and finally in Kingston on the 6th of March, 1777, where, after adopting a Constitution and electing a Council of Safety as a provisional government until the new system was inaugurated, the Convention dissolved on the 13th of May, 1777. This first Council of Safety sat until the 10th of September. The Legislature, which adjourned in October, appointed a second Council, which, on the 8th of January, 1778, was superseded by a Legislative Convention, which sat until the meeting of the Legislature.

The committe appointed by the Convention to prepare the Constitution was composed of thirteen members, all of whom are still recognized either by their individual distinction or by their family name. Among them were WILLIAM DUER, JOHN SLOSS HOBART, ABRAHAM and ROBERT YATES, ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, and JOHN JAY. The committee reported a Constitution on the 12th of March. It was discussed until the 2d of the following April, and then adopted. This first Constitution was largely the work of JOHN JAY. The elective offices were those of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Senators, and Assemblymen, with the town-clerks, supervisors, assessors, constables, and collectors. Loan officers, county treasurers, and clerks of the supervisors were to be appointed as the Legislature should direct. All other civil and military officers were to be appointed by a Council of Appointment, unless the Constitution provided otherwise. The Council of Appointment was an extraordinary body, composed of one Senator from each district appointed by the Assembly each year. The Governor was the presiding officer, but every member had equally with him the power of nomination. In 1821 there were 8287 military and 6663 civil officers who held their commissions from it. Its power, of course, was enormous and practically irresponsible, and the Convention of 1821 abolished it unanimously. The qualifications for electors of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, and Senators were actual residence and the possession of freeholds of the value of £100 above all debts charged upon them. For members of the Assembly the qualifications were, for male inhabitants, six months' residence preceding the election in any county, the possession of a freehold of £20 or a yearly rent of forty shillings, and actual rating and payment of taxes. In 1811 these values were changed to Federal currency—$250, $50, and $5. There was no electoral discrimination against black or mulatto freemen. The Constitution, at the instance of ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, also created a Council of Revision, composed of the Governor, Chancellor, and judges of the Supreme Court, as a kind of third and upper House, with a veto upon all laws.

By the end of the year 1820 there was so much dissatisfaction with the Constitution that a Convention to amend it was called by a vote of 109,346 to 34,901. The Convention met on the 28th of August, and adjourned on the 10th of November, 1821. The two councils of Appointment and Revision were abolished, and the electoral qualifications were changed. The franchise was now conferred on every male citizen who had lived in the State for one year preceding the election, and in the town or county for six months, and who had paid taxes, or done military duty, or served as a fireman; or who had lived in the State for three years, in the town or county one year, and had performed highway labor within the year, or paid for its equivalent. The hollowness of this apparent equality was exposed by the discrimination against colored citizens, who must have lived in the State for three years, and be possessed of an unencumbered freehold of $250. This Constitution was adopted by a vote of 74,732 to 41,402. Chancellor KENT had denounced the danger to the common welfare of universal or manhood suffrage, but the tendency against which he vainly struggled, having secured almost universal male manhood suffrage, proceeded to demand popular election for all offices. And it was to obtain this that the State voted, on the 4th of November, 1845, by 213,257 to 33,860, to call another Convention, which met on the 1st of June, and adjourned on the 9th of October, 1846. It extended the right of suffrage still further, and provided for the popular election of almost all officers, and the State refused to repeal the discrimination against colored citizens by the disgraceful vote of 223,834 to 85,306. The Constitution was adopted by a vote of 221,528 to 92,436. On the 4th of June, 1867, a fourth Constitutional Convention met, and it adjourned on the 28th of February, 1868. Its propositions, with the exception of those concerning the judiciary, were rejected by the State. A Constitutional Commission was subsequently appointed by the Governor, and recommended amendments which were adopted; and in the spring of 1877 another commission of inquiry in regard to the government of cities reported a series of amendments to the Constitution, which have been ratified by the Legislature for submission to the voters, and if ratified by another, they will be submitted. The remarkable point in them historically is that at the close of a century a limitation of the suffrage for certain purposes is again proposed as in the first Constitution.

BARBARISM IN CANADA.

THE recent daily telegrams and letters from Montreal seemed to describe the condition of affairs in a mid-African tribe. We have supposed that there was government in Canada, and that lawful authorities would do something to prevent massacres that were openly announced in advance. The nature of the feud between the Orangemen and the Catholics is perfectly well understood. It is known that the Orange anniversary is the occasion often seized for disorder, and a day upon which trouble is always to be expected. In this instance trouble was actually advertised, and for several days the papers in this country announced that a riot was apprehended. The day came, and, amid great excitement, a man was murdered on the street. On the following days meetings were held else-

where, and arranged to send deputations—that is, re-enforcements—to the scene of conflict. All these proceedings occupied a week, and during all that time there was no proof that there was any authority in Canada to put a peremptory stop to the disorder. The authority appeared, however, in time to prevent disturbance at the funeral of the victim.

But it was the duty of the authorities, who were fully forewarned, to be fully prepared. If the Orangemen were permitted to parade, the entire military force at the command of the government, if it were necessary, should have been under arms to protect them. In such cases, severity is mercy. If people of one religious faith propose to assault those of another, they should understand unequivocally that they will do it at their extreme peril, not from those who are attacked, but from the authorities of the state. It is worthy of Ashantee to allow preparations to go on and threats to be publicly made which experience proves to be full of deadly intention, and to expect that there will be "understandings" and "arrangements" which will prevent an outbreak. It is not a question whether the cherishing of feuds of a wholly foreign origin should be permitted in Canada or in the United States or elsewhere. It should be forbidden. But this is a wholly different affair from the social assembly of those who were born in another country, like a meeting of resident Americans in London on the Fourth of July, or of the charitable English, Scotch, German, and Irish societies in New York. But the next step is doubtful and dangerous, and the importation and demonstration of religious and political hostilities of a foreign origin should not be tolerated. The separate political organization of different nationalities in this country is, for the same reason, to be deprecated. The first object in a country of universal suffrage, which invites and tempts immigrants from the whole world, should be the speediest and most intimate union of the population. Whatever tends to divide it sectionally or nationally or religiously is an error and a peril.

The formation of German or Irish or other national political clubs of American citizens should, therefore, be resolutely opposed. Those citizens who do not understand the language of the country sufficiently to take an intelligent part in any political meeting, should certainly not be taught that it is not necessary to understand it, and they may fairly be considered as not having sufficient interest in the country to be entitled to favors. One of the results of universal suffrage is, of course, a constant disposition to pander to ignorance and prejudice, and to disregard some of the most obvious securities of good government. But the proceedings at Montreal admonish us that the first duty of a popular government is lawfully to keep the peace, and the inability or indisposition to do that is to foster barbarism.

ADJUSTING THE RESPONSIBILITY.

A CORRESPONDENT who states that "in fifty years he has never voted a Democratic ticket, nor held nor wanted a political office," writes, "in grief and anger" with the "doctrinaires" who have ruined the Republican party with their "well-intended but most silly course," and remarks:

"At the next Presidential election a Democrat will be elected President, and that party will immediately restore to its fullest rigor the old MARCY spoils doctrine, and by it continue in office for at least sixteen years. Meanwhile the constitutional amendment enfranchising the blacks will remain a dead letter in the South."

The letter ends there. And this, our correspondent avers, is the work of "such visionary, unpractical enthusiasts as Mr. HAYES" and others. He is mistaken. The loss in 1876 of the Republican majority of more than half a million in 1872 is due to the leadership, the policies and measures, the spirit and tone, which were supported by our correspondent and other good men merely because they were the party action, and because, in their judgment, not to support them was to bring in the South and the rebels and the Democratic party and the abomination of desolation. Those who protested in any degree against Butlerism, or the corrupt rings, or the performances in the Southern States, or the blind and headlong partisanship which sometimes was said to ingulf even the dissenters themselves, were spurned as "visionary and unpractical enthusiasts." We beg our correspondent to stay his anger long enough to reflect that the thermometer is not responsible for the weather, and coolly to remember that a party which comprises so much of the intelligence, patriotism, and self-respect of the country, can not indefinitely prosper under a leadership which those elements distrust and despise.

The assertion that underlies the entire complaint of our correspondent is the very familiar one that you must stick to the party, and vote for the devil if he is regularly nominated. Now our friend evidently prides himself upon his practical commonsense, as opposed to the moonshine of the mischievous visionaries. But is not the first proof of practical common-sense, as applied to politics, an evident understanding of the people with whom you deal, and is it possible that an American supposes himself to be peculiarly sensible who, after so long a political experience as that of our correspondent, has not yet learned that there is among his party associates an independence which will not be whipped in by the lash held in hands that it despises? If he never voted a Democratic ticket, he was formerly a Whig. His impatience of those with whom he differs now would have led him then to denounce STEPHEN C. PHILLIPS, CHARLES ALLEN, CHARLES SUMNER, and the other conscience Whigs in Massachusetts, and SEWARD and GREELEY in New York, and to extol the Cotton and Silvergray Whigs as men who had no nonsense about them, but who were hard-headed practical politicians. Which wing of the Whigs does he now think was, upon the whole, the more patriotic? We do not question sincerity or motives more than our correspondent. But if the Free-soil movement had been suppressed under the cry of impracticable folly and visionary enthusiasm—precisely the cry now raised by our correspondent and his friends against the President and his supporters—would the country have been more fortunate? It was the spirit of our correspondent, the feeling that no risks must be taken, but that the regular party action must be implicitly obeyed, that ruined the Whig party, by alienating a minority of intelligent and conscientious men, who preferred to follow their own convictions rather than Mr. WEBSTER, or Mr. CLAY, or Mr. WINTHROP, or Mr. FRANCIS GRANGER, or Mr. WASHINGTON HUNT. If he asks whether a minority ought to decide the policy of a party, we reply, as we have replied a hundred times before, that in things subordinate and indifferent, wise men, to secure a great object, will postpone their preferences; but when the object itself is threatened, they will smile at the sophistry which would persuade them to serve honesty dishonestly.

If our correspondent wishes to view the present political situation solely from a party point of view, we say without hesitation that the Republican who shows that his policy is one of generous confidence and sympathy in the Southern States, of fixed intention to redeem the national faith financially in the simple and honest sense of the pledge, and of determination to liberate politics from the despotism of office-holders, gives his party a chance of recovering the ascendency of which it has been deprived by those who agree with our correspondent. It is very possible that such a position may not save the party; but it is plain that any other would instantly destroy it, and that nothing but the hope and faith that such would be the course of Mr. HAYES, secured him the opportunity of proving it. If the Republican party means to go into the autumn elections upon a platform of ill-humored reticence or foolish evasion upon the questions that really interest the country, it will be both disgraced and defeated. But if it clearly declares that the President, so far as he has spoken and acted, speaks and acts for the party, it may be defeated, but it can not be disgraced.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY AND MR. MOTLEY.

MR. BENEDICT sends us the following explanation of the usages of the Historical Society in regard to papers like that of Mr. JAY upon Mr. MOTLEY:

"64 WALL STREET, NEW YORK, *July* 14, 1877.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"The use of my name in your article of this date on Mr. MOTLEY and the New York Historical Society, induces me to offer a correction of some apparent misapprehensions. 1. Neither the society nor its executive committee asked Mr. JAY to prepare the paper in question; it is, however, understood that one or two of the officers unofficially requested him to do so. 2. The practice of the society, as to 'papers read before the society,' is to vote thanks, and request a copy for the archives of the society, and in rare instances for publication, and this entirely irrespective of the opinions expressed in the paper, but they are never recorded on the minutes. During the thirty-five years that I have been a member of the executive committee, there is not an instance of recording on the minutes, 'a paper read before the society.' 3. Mr. JAY's paper was offered for him by the librarian as a minute *In Memoriam*, to be adopted and indorsed, as the voice of the society, over the grave of its dead honorary member and friend, and therefore entered on the minutes. 4. So far as I know or believe, no thought has been entertained of refusing the hospitality of its record to a warm tribute to Mr. MOTLEY. The society holds his memory in the highest esteem, and so do I, and I am not willing that among the notices of his death that of the Historical Society alone should declare over his grave that his course in public office was unsatisfactory to his government. 5. I am indeed, as you say, a sincere friend of General GRANT and his administration, but I never made, nor had any objection to making, him or his administration the subject of just criticism.

'It is the lustre of his fame
That shows the specks upon his name.'

Friction will brighten the lustre and rub out the specks. What I suggested was that it was not becoming for the society to adopt and indorse, by spreading on its minutes, one side of such a personal controversy on such an occasion. E. C. BENEDICT."

PERSONAL.

MR. THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, unmindful of the scalpings by Chief JOSEPH's band, has risked life and little all by going down to a place twelve miles from OSGOOD & Co., Bawston, formerly infested by a red-skinned tribe named Ponkapogs, or Punkypoags, or Polliewogges. The hamlet is now known to Harvard graduates and constables as Ponkapog. Its principal points are a small grocery and a large pond, in which (the pond, not the grocery) the red man used to go a-swimming. A rickety old mill stands convenient, wherein used to be ground what would make the Punkypoag his little early Indian meal; later in the day he would take on, in fluid shape, his little Indian "corn." The wigwam in which Brother ALDRICH dwells is described in the *Literary World* as "an old-fashioned two-story house, built at the beginning of the present century, and partially screened from the road by cherry-trees and by a hedge of arbor vitæ, presided over by two ancient and shiftless-looking button-woods. On the opposite side of the road there stood, prior to the Revolution, an Episcopal church, which brought forth, as tradition has it, a fine brood of Tories, and which suddenly fell into contempt, from its unpatriotic attitude, and was either burned up or in some other way so effectually destroyed that no vestige of its foundation even exists. Back of the house the grounds fall away gently to a stream and an old mill-pond, on which stands a deserted and decaying mill, which was utilized during the late war for the weaving of Cardigan jackets for the soldiers. Henceforth it is likely to be used only for the weaving of legends. Inside of the house to which we have thus come we find what the great square chimneys projecting above the roof suggest, namely, large open fire-places in every room, low-studded rooms, adorned with a taste and skill which show the touch of a cultivated woman, and a library admirably selected and adapted for the work of a literary man. Further than this we may not say what we find."

—Dr. SCHAFF's able and scholarly work on the *Creeds of Christendom*, recently issued in three volumes by HARPER & BROTHERS, has been very favorably received abroad as well as at home, and is every where the subject of the warmest commendation. A leading Scottish newspaper—the *Daily Review*, of Edinburgh—in a recent number publishes over a column of favorable comments and extracts. The critic says: "After a careful reading of these volumes, we have come to the conclusion that no work of greater interest and importance for the study of theology has issued from the press in our generation. Dr. SCHAFF has, by his thorough, careful, and discriminating *History of the Creeds of Christendom*, filled a blank in our theological literature, and conferred a priceless boon on all students of theology. In successive chapters he traces the history of all these creeds. At the beginning of each chapter there is a full, accurate, and exhaustive list of the relative literature. We have not found any important work omitted which has any direct bearing on the topics under discussion. So careful and exhaustive is the list, that we find here and there works published as late as last year. In this respect the book is the most complete work of reference to a vast and various literature. We know not whether to admire most the great erudition and wide theological learning, the sound judgment, or the faculty of compressed exposition which has reduced that heap of material into an ordered whole. These volumes will form an indispensable part of every well-furnished library. They should be in the library of every student and preacher."

—PIERÓLA, the leader of the late revolution in Peru, was formerly a shop-keeper in Lima. He is thirty-eight years old, small in stature, one of the brightest men in Peru, but said to be very ambitious and unscrupulous.

—Ex-Secretary FISH has been re-elected, for the twenty-third time, president of the New York Society of the Cincinnati.

—FERIK AZID PASHA, the new chief of staff of the commander-in-chief of the Turkish Army of the Danube, is only forty-two years of age. Early in life he served in the artillery of Austria and Prussia, and is a trained artillerist. He was for some years a member of the Turkish embassy at Berlin, and married a native of that city. He is said to be a thorough soldier. His predecessor on the staff, FERIK PASHA, a man of about the same age, is a highly educated man, speaking several European languages fluently, a fine theorist, but wanting in energy and decision. He received his military education in Brussels, and, like his successor, also married a Christian.

—Mr. WILLIAM H. VANDERBILT is the largest receiver of interest and dividends on stocks and bond securities of any man in the United States, if not in the world. The total is estimated at $7,000,000 per annum, of which about $4,000,000 are from dividends and interest from the New York Central Railroad.

—Mr. FREDERICK C. WITHERS, the architect, has given in the ASTOR reredos a real art treasure to the citizens of New York. The sons of Mr. ASTOR intrusted this commission to Mr. WITHERS, and placed a certain sum of money at his disposal. No advice was given him, and no criticism was passed upon the work as it advanced, but upon its completion the architect was handsomely complimented. It is not generally known that Mr. WITHERS distinguished himself as an officer in the Engineer Corps during the war of the rebellion.

—The Hon. CHARLES H. UPTON, late United States chargé d'affaires in Switzerland, who died a few days since, is thus spoken of in the Philadelphia *Press* by a gentleman who knew him long and well: "He was a man of vast knowledge both of human nature and of human works. He was a scholarly man, and a student. I well remember calling on him one morning, when, not finding him at home, I waited his return. Pretty soon he came in, his face all aglow. 'Well,' he said, 'I have been to the library to look up a Latin quotation. I knew I was right, and I am. Here it is.' He was full of wit and humor, and a courtly gentleman. His hospitality was unbounded, and, aided by his wife, the consulate was made a home to Americans abroad. One trait in his character was especially to be noticed: he was a charitable man. He never spoke ill of any one, always endeavoring to speak of the good rather than the bad points in the character of his acquaintances. He was generous to a fault, with a heart and hand ever open to the voice of distress. In his official life he was exact, honorable, and courteous, and universally respected and beloved."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A STRIKE by the firemen and brakemen of the freight trains of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad was begun in Baltimore, July 16, against a reduction of wages, which was to take effect that day. The movement soon spread along the entire line as far as Wheeling, West Virginia, and later to Chicago and to Newark, Ohio. No freight trains were allowed to move either way. On the 18th, the strike had become so formidable that the Governor of West Virginia was obliged to call on the national government for help. The President responded promptly, and after issuing a proclamation to the rioters, sent 250 regulars, under General French, to Martinsburg. Under the protection of the troops two freight trains were sent out, one each way. The strike has also extended to the Pennsylvania and Erie railroads. At Pittsburg and thereabouts the freight men refused to go out with their trains, July 19, because the company had increased their work without adding to their pay. The Governor of Maryland called out the Fifth and Sixth regiments, and as the latter was marching through Baltimore, it was attacked by the rioters. The regiment, in return, fired into the crowd, killing eight and wounding many others. The Governor of Pennsylvania sent the Eighteenth Regiment to Pittsburg to suppress the rioters there.

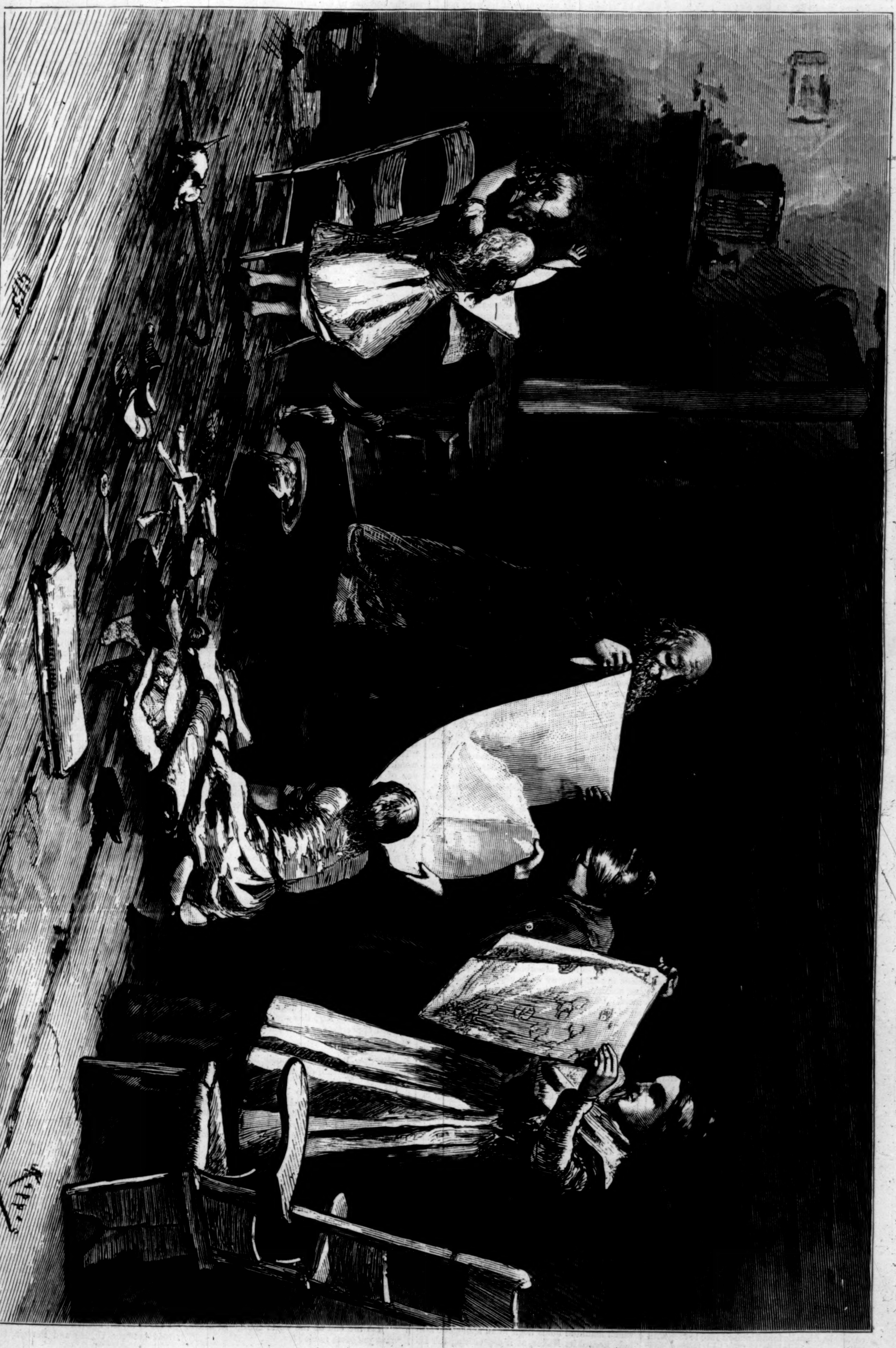
General O. O. Howard achieved a grand victory over the Indians of the Northwest, July 12. By making a forced march he came upon them at the mouth of the Cottonwood, near the south fork of Clearwater, and opened fire at once. The Indians fought well, but were shelled from their position and put to flight, leaving much plunder behind them. Eleven of our soldiers were killed and twenty-four wounded. In dispatches received at Washington, July 19, General Howard says that since the 20th of June the cavalry has gone 470 miles and the infantry over 200 miles along the rough trails, have fought the enemy successfully, and cleared that part of the country of every hostile Indian. The hostile chief Joseph, July 15, sent an offer to surrender, but while the messenger and General Howard were talking about it, Joseph and his entire band moved away. It is now believed that the proposition was only a ruse to gain time for escape. On the 18th, seventeen warriors, including Red Heart, and twenty-women, came in and delivered themselves up. Joseph and his band are cruel monsters. On the 10th of July they massacred thirty Chinamen who were out for a day's pastime on the Clearwater River. Only one escaped to tell the story.

A boiler explosion occurred at the ore mines nine miles from Macungy, Pennsylvania, July 14. Three persons were instantly killed, and five fatally and three seriously wounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE EASTERN WAR: The Porte officially declares that the Russians have burned alive inhabitants of Jouis, near Tirnova, who had taken refuge in a mosque.—The Russians on July 15 captured Nicopolis, with its garrison of 6000 men, forty guns, and two Monitors. The details of the capture are given on page 509.—The advance guard of the Russian army crossed the Balkan Mountains on the 14th. The Russian official dispatch, dated at Tirnova, July 16, is as follows: "General Gourkho, with an advance guard of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, has crossed the Balkans. On July 14 he surprised and defeated a Turkish battalion which guarded the outlet of the pass near the village of Khankhoi. General Gourkho is now marching upon Kasanlik, in the rear of the enemy, who occupies the fortified Shipka defile. Two sotnias of Cossacks have arrived at Yeni-Saghra, and cut the telegraph between that place and Nonigagra and Slivno. On Sunday an engagement was fought near the village of Orzazare between a Cossack force and some detachments of Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians, supported by Turkish infantry. The enemy held their ground until the arrival of dragoons and a battery of artillery sent by General Gourkho. On perceiving the approach of these re-enforcements, the Turks fled. A flag, several standard-bearers, and a quantity of arms were captured."—Various correspondents at Shumla concur in stating that they personally witnessed the results of the Russian attacks on the unarmed Turkish populations, in the shape of wounded, old men, women, and children. Refugees say that the Russian troops attacked wagon trains fleeing to Shumla, and murdered the people indiscriminately; they fired on some parties with artillery. On the other hand, the correspondent of the London *Daily News* at Obentenik (or Obirteni, which is on the highway between Biela and Rustchuk), writes: "I may mention that about fifty Turkish families of Tirnova remained after the general exodus, and are living unharmed under the special protection of the Russian military authorities. Speaking as a perfectly impartial man, who would have no hesitation of bearing testimony to the contrary were the contrary true, and who has had exceptional opportunities for observation, I do not believe that in Bulgaria there has been a single instance of personal maltreatment of a Turkish civilian at the hands of Russian soldiers." It should be observed that this correspondent accompanies the head-quarters of a Russian corps, while the atrocities are alleged against advance guards and Cossacks. The Russian Telegraphic Agency publishes a general denial of the reports of Russian atrocities.—The latest Russian dispatches report that General Gourkho, immediately after the passage of the Balkans, turned westward and marched on Kasanlik, sending at the same time a detachment to Yeni-Saghra to cut the railway, and another to Eskei-Saghra to occupy it and collect transport material.—He intended, as soon as Kasanlik was occupied, to strike the defenders of Shipka Pass; and before marching he sent instructions that a column should march into the same pass from the northward and attack the defenses in front. It is reported to be very strongly fortified and held. Numbers of prisoners are engaged widening the Tivarditza Pass, which will be practicable for the transport of vehicles in two days. Already batteries of field artillery have gone through. General Gourkho keeps his communications quite open with the base at Tirnova.—It is officially announced from the Dobrudscha that the Russians have possession of the whole line of the Cernavoda and Kustendje Railway, the Turks having evacuated and partly burned Cernavoda July 17.—Redif Pasha, the Turkish Minister of War, has been removed, and so has Abd-ul-Kerim, generalissimo of the Turkish army. Osman Pasha succeeds the latter.—Hobart Pasha has been ordered to bombard all places of importance on the Russian coast of the Black Sea.—The Russians are said to have completely withdrawn from the siege of Kars. A correspondent with their army telegraphed from Zaim, July 12, "To-morrow we are to fall back some distance toward Alexandropol, from sanitary considerations." Eighteen thousand bombs in all were fired at Kars. Three Russian officers and 160 soldiers were killed in the batteries.—The Turks are closely pressing the Russians at Bayazid. Ismail Pasha telegraphs that twelve battalions of the enemy recently attempted to relieve the garrison, but they were driven back, with the loss of 600 killed.

ON THE BEACH AT LONG BRANCH.—FROM SKETCHES BY FRED. E. FOSTER.—[SEE PAGE 607.]



THE COUNTRY PEDDLER.—Drawn by Alfred Kappes.—[See Page 610.]

SUMMER'S MISSION.

Welcome, Summer, sweet and fair!
Flinging fragrance on the air;
From opening bud and blooming flower
New charms unfolding every hour.
Whatso'er thy mission be,
Summer sweet, we welcome thee!

There's a sly god on the wing
Who thy praises loud will sing,
True his arrows, strong his bow;
Side by side ye two will go,
Through the season of thy reign,
Scattering sunshine, joy, and pain.

Summer, Summer, dost thou know
Of shady groves, where gently flow
Murmuring brooks, which sing their song
To lovers as they walk along,
While the little god, thy friend,
His own enchanting aid doth lend?

There are hotel piazzas, too,
Where there's work for thee to do.
A corner here, a corner there,
"Flirtation nooks," they call them, where
The little god pursues his game,
And wins fresh laurels for thy fame.

And thy moonlight evenings! Oh!
Who their pleasure fails to know?
Stolen meetings, stolen kiss,
Stolen moments full of bliss,
While the little god is near,
The praise of "summer nights" to hear.

And thy mornings on the lake!
Where may *two* themselves betake
All alone, and where their boat
May among the lilies float,
While *one* tells the old, old story,
Born of Cupid and thy glory.

Summer, when thy course is run,
When thy winsome life is done,
Ah! what may the record be
Of joy or sorrow sown by thee!
Pray be kind, and let thy reign
Leave no room for winter's pain!

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Taken at the Flood," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Joshua Haggard's Daughter," "Weavers and Weft," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"WHY DID YOU THROW YOUR WEDDED LADY FROM YOU?"

The two girls at the Water House lived their solitary life all through the dark week before Christmas. They read a great deal; Bella confining herself to the novels from the Great Yafford library, Beatrix reading those books which she believed were to fit her for companionship with Cyril Culverhouse in the days to come. They did not find so much to say to each other as friends of such long standing might have been expected to find. But Beatrix was by nature reserved about those subjects nearest her heart, and her cloistered life gave her few other subjects to talk about. On the dusky winter afternoons they went up to the lumber-room and had a feast of music at the old piano; Bella singing prettily in a clear soprano voice—thin but not unmelodious—Beatrix playing church music with the touch of a player in whom music was a natural expression of thought and feeling, and not a laboriously acquired art. Very rarely could Beatrix be persuaded to sing, but when she did uplift her fresh young voice, the rich contralto tones were like the sound of an organ, and even Bella's shallow soul was moved by the simple melodies of the Psalter of those days:

"As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,"

or,

"With one consent let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise."

"Has Mr. Culverhouse ever heard you sing?" inquired Bella.

"Never. Where should he hear me? I never sing any where but in this room."

"And in church."

"Yes, of course in church. But I do not think even Cyril could distinguish my voice out of a whole congregation."

"He might," said Bella; "all the rest sing through their noses."

For fine days there was the garden, and, for variety, Puck and the pony-carriage. Miss Harefield took her friend for long drives across the moor. Once they met Cyril in one of the lanes, and passed him with a distant recognition. Bella saw Beatrix's cheek grow pale as he came in sight.

"How white you turned just now!" she said, when Puck had carried them ever so far away from the curate of Little Yafford.

"Did I?" asked Beatrix. "I don't think I can be as pale as you. That was sympathy, I suppose. You felt how hard it was for me to pass him by."

"Yes," answered Bella, in her quiet little way, "that was what I felt."

Bella had been staying at the Water House a week, and during that time had seen Mr. Harefield about half a dozen times. He was in the habit of dining with his daughter and her governess on Sundays. It was not a pleasant change in his hermit-like life, but he made this sacrifice to paternal duty. Every Sunday at four o'clock he sat down to dinner with his daughter and Miss Scales. Now that Miss Scales was away, he sat down alone with the two girls, and looked at them curiously, when he found himself face to face with them at the board, as if they had been a new species in zoology, which he had never before had the opportunity of scrutinizing.

He looked from one to the other thoughtfully, while he unfolded his napkin, as if he were not quite clear as to which was his daughter, and then, having made up his mind on that point, addressed himself, with a slight turn of the head, to Beatrix.

"Your friend has grown very much," he said.

"Do you really think so, Mr. Harefield," inquired Bella, with a gratified simper. It was something to be spoken of, in any wise, by this modern Timon.

Mr. Harefield went on helping the soup without a word. He had quite forgotten his own remark, and had not heard Bella's. They got half-way through the dinner in absolute silence. Then a tart and a pudding appeared, and the tart being set down rather suddenly before Mr. Harefield, seemed to disturb him in the midst of a waking dream.

"Have you heard from Miss Scales?" he asked his daughter, abruptly.

"Yes, papa. I have had two letters. Her aunt is very ill. She is afraid she will die."

"She hopes it, you mean. Can you suppose such a sensible person as Miss Scales would wish a tiresome old woman's life prolonged, when she will get a legacy by her death."

"Miss Scales is a good woman, papa. She would not be so wicked as to wish for any one's death."

"Would she not? I'm afraid there are a great many good people on this earth wishing as hard as they can in the same line. Expectant heirs, expectant heiresses, waiting to wrench purse and power from a dead man's gripe."

After this pleasant speech the master of the house relapsed into silence. The old butler moved quietly to and fro. There was a gentle jingle of glass and silver now and then, like the ringing of distant sleigh-bells. The wood ashes fell softly from the wide old grate. The clock ticked in the hall outside. Time hobbled and halted like a cripple. Bella began to think that even a home Sunday—with Mr. Scratchell swearing at the cooking, and Mrs. Scratchell in tears—was better than this. It was at least open misery, and the storm generally blew over as rapidly as it arose. Here there was a suppressed and sullen gloom, as of a tempest always impending and never coming. What a waste of wealth and luxury it seemed to sit in a fine old room like this, surrounded by all good things, and to be obstinately wretched!

When dinner was over, and certain dried fruits and pale half-ripened oranges had been carried round by the butler's subordinate, the butler himself following solemnly with decanters and claret jug, and nobody taking any thing, the two girls rose, at a look from Beatrix, and left Mr. Harefield alone.

"Will you come up to my room and have some tea, papa?" Beatrix asked, at the door.

"Not to-night, my dear. I have a new number of the *Westminster* to read. You and Miss Scratchell can amuse yourselves. Good-night."

No paternal kiss was offered or asked.

"Good-night, papa," said Beatrix, and she and Bella went away.

It was a long evening. Bella did not like to open a novel, and did not care for Bishop Ken, whose *Practice of Divine Love* formed the last stage in Miss Harefield's self-culture. The only piano in the house was ever so far away in the lumber-room, and the lumber-room after dark was suggestive of ghosts and goblins, or, at any rate, of rats and mice.

Sunday evening at the parish church was gayer than this, Bella thought, as she sat by the fire stifling her frequent yawns, and watched Beatrix's thoughtful face bending over Bishop Ken.

"Yes, she is much handsomer than I am," reflected Bella, with a pang of envy. "How can I wonder that he likes her best? She is like one of those old prints Mr. Dulcimer showed us one evening—by Albert Dürer, I think: grave dark faces of saints and Madonnas. She is like a poem or a picture made alive. And he is full of romance and poetry. No wonder he loves her. It is not for the sake of her fortune. He really does love her."

And then came the question which in Bella's mind was unanswerable, "Why should she have every thing and I so little?"

Beatrix read on, absorbed in her book. The clock ticked, the gray wood ashes dropped upon the hearth, just as they had done in the dining-room. Outside the deep casement windows the night winds were blowing, the ragged tree-tops swaying against a cold gray sky. Bella shivered as she sat by the fire. This was the dreariest Sunday evening she had ever spent.

Presently a shrill bell pealed loudly through the house, a startling sound amidst a silence which seemed to have lasted for ages—nay, to be a normal condition of one's existence. Bella gave a little jump, like a nervous horse, and sat up in her chair, alert and eager.

"Could it be Cyril Culverhouse? No, of course not."

His image filled so large a place in her life that even the sudden ringing of a bell suggested his approach, till reason came to check the vagaries of fancy.

The same thought darted into Beatrix's mind. For a woman deeply in love, earth holds only one man—her lover. Was it Cyril who came to claim her, to trample down the barrier of paternal authority, and to claim her by the right of their mutual love? This idea being at the first flash of reason utterly untenable, lasted no longer with Beatrix than it had done with Bella.

"It must be Miss Scales," she said, going to the door. "And yet I should not have thought she would travel on a Sunday. She is so very particular about Sunday."

Miss Scales belonged to a sect with whom God's day of rest means a day of penance—a day upon which mankind holds itself in an apologetic attitude toward its Maker, as if deprecating the Divine wrath for its audacity in having taken the liberty to be born.

The two girls went out into the corridor, and from the corridor to the square open gallery in the middle of the house, from which the broad staircase descended. Here, leaning upon the oaken balustrade, they looked down into the hall.

It was empty when they first looked, a vacant expanse of black and white marble. Then there came another peal of the bell, and the butler walked slowly across to the door, and opened it just wide enough to reconnoitre the visitor.

Here there was a brief parley, the drift of which the girls could not distinguish. They only heard a murmur of masculine voices.

"It can't be Miss Scales," whispered Beatrix. "They would have brought in her portmanteau and bag before this."

The parley ceased all at once, the butler threw open the door, and a gentleman came in out of the windy night, bringing a blast of cold air with him. He took off his hat and stood in the centre of the hall, looking about him, while the butler carried his card to Mr. Harefield. The stranger was a man of about fifty, tall and spare of figure, but with a certain nobility of bearing, as of one accustomed to command. The finely shaped head was beautifully set upon the shoulders; the chest was broad and deep. As he looked upward, the two girls drew back into the shadow, still watching him.

It was a beautiful head—a grand Italian face full of tranquillity and power, like a portrait by Moroni. The eyes were dark, the skin was a pale olive, the hair "a sable silvered." A thrill went through Beatrix's heart as she looked at him.

Yes, she remembered; she knew. This was Antonio, this was the Italian with the pathetic voice who sat in the twilight singing church music that summer evening long ago. This was the man whose face memory associated with the face of her dead mother. She had seen them looking at her together—in those days of early childhood whose faint memories are like a reminiscence of some anterior state of being, a world known before earth.

The butler came back.

"My master will see you, Sir."

The stranger followed him out of the hall. Beatrix and Bella could hear the footsteps travelling slowly along the passage to the library.

"Who can he be?" exclaimed Miss Scratchell, full of curiosity. "Perhaps he is a relation of your papa's," she added, speculatively, Beatrix having ignored her first remark.

Beatrix remained silent. She was thinking of the miniature in her mother's room, the youthful likeness of the face she had seen to-night. Who was this man? Her mother's kinsman, perhaps? But why had his presence brought sorrow and severance between husband and wife? Little as she knew of the hard facts that made up the history of her mother's life, there was that in Beatrix's memory which told her this man had been the cause of evil.

She roused herself with an effort, and went back to her room, followed by Bella, who had broken out into fresh yawns on finding that the advent of the stranger promised no relief to the dullness of the evening.

"Eight o'clock," she said, as the old clock in the hall announced that fact, embellishing a plain truth with a little burst of old-fashioned melody. "They are coming out of church by this time. I wonder whether Mr. Culverhouse has preached one of his awakening sermons. I am sure we should be the better for a little awakening, shouldn't we, Beatrix? I really wish you would talk a little, dear. You look as if you were walking in your sleep."

"Do I?" said Beatrix. "Here comes the tea-tray. Perhaps a cup of tea may enliven us."

"Well, the urn is company at any rate," assented Bella, as the servant set down the oblong silver tray, with its buff and gold Bristol cups and saucers, and the massive old urn, dimly suggestive of sisterly affection in the person of Electra, or needing only a napkin neatly draped across it to recall the sculptured monuments of a modern cemetery.

"Now, really," pursued Bella, while Beatrix was making tea, "have you no idea who that foreign-looking gentleman is?"

"Why should I trouble myself about him? He comes to see papa, not me."

"Yes, but one can't help being curious, so long as one is human. By the time my inquisitiveness is worn out, I shall be an angel. Your papa has so few visitors. And this one has such a distinguished appearance. I feel sure he is some one of importance."

"Very likely."

"My dear Beatrix, this lonely life of yours is making you dreadfully stoical," remonstrated Bella.

"I should be glad to become stoical. This stranger's visit can not make any difference to me. It will not make my father love me any better, or feel more kindly disposed toward Cyril. It may make him a little worse, perhaps. It may stir up old bitterness."

"Why?" cried Bella, eagerly, her bright blue eyes becoming unbeauteously round in her excitement.

"Don't talk to me about him any more, please, Bella. I do not know who he is, or what he is, or whence or why he comes. He will go as he came, no doubt, leaving no trace of his presence behind him."

But here Beatrix was wrong. This was not to be. In the library the two men were standing face to face—men who had not met for more than ten years, who had parted in anger too deep for words.

Christian Harefield contemplated his visitor calmly, or with that stony quietude which is passion's best assumption of calm.

"Has the end of the world come," he asked, "that you come to me?"

"You are surprised that I should come?" responded the Italian, in very good English.

"I am surprised at two things—your folly and your audacity."

"I shall not praise my own wisdom. I have done a foolish thing, perhaps, in coming to England on purpose to do you a service. But I deny the audacity. There is no act in my past life that should forbid my entrance to this house."

"We will not re-open old wounds, or enter upon an old story," answered Christian Harefield. "You are a villain. You acted like a villain. You are a coward. You acted like a coward, in flying from the man you had wronged, when he pursued you in his just and righteous wrath."

"My career of the last ten years best answers your charge of cowardice," replied the other. "My name will be remembered in Italy with the five days of Milan. I never fled from you. I never knew that you pursued me."

"I spent half a year of my life in hunting you. I would have given the remnant of an unprofitable life then to have met you face to face in your lawless country, as we are meeting to-night in this room. But now the chance comes too late. I have outlived even the thirst for revenge."

"Again I tell you that I never wronged you—unless it was a wrong against you to enter this house."

"It was, and you know it. You, my wife's former lover—the only man she ever loved—you to creep into my house, as the serpent crept into Eden, under the guise of friendship and good-will, and poison my peace forever!"

"It was your own groundless jealousy that made the poison. From first to last, your wife was the purest and noblest of women."

"From first to last!" exclaimed Christian Harefield, with exceeding bitterness. "First, when she introduced you, the lover of her youth, to her husband's house—last, when she fled from that husband with you for her companion. Assuredly the purest and noblest among women—judged by your Italian ethics."

"With me!" cried the Italian; "with me! Your wife fled with me! You say that—say it in good faith?"

"I say that which I know to be the truth. When she left me that night at the inn on the mountain road above Borgo Pace, after a quarrel that had been just a trifle more bitter than our customary quarrels, you were waiting for her with a carriage, a quarter of a mile from the inn; you were seen there; she was seen to enter the carriage with you. Tolerably direct evidence, I fancy. For my daughter's sake—to save my own pride and honor—I gave out that my wife had died suddenly at that lonely inn in the Apennines. Her father was dead, her brother sunk in the gulf of Parisian dissipation. There was no one interested in making any inquiries as to the details of her death or burial. The fiction passed unquestioned. For me it was a truth. She died to me in the hour she abandoned and dishonored me; and all trust in my fellow-men, all love for my race, died within me at the same time."

"You are a man to be pitied," said Antonio, gravely. "You have borne the burden of an imaginary dishonor. You have wronged your wife; you have wronged me; but you have wronged yourself most of all. Did you get no letter from the Convent of Santa Cecilia?"

"What letter? No. I had no letter. I left the inn at daybreak on the morning after my wife's flight, followed on the track of your carriage, traced you as far as Citta di Castello, there lost you, caught the trail again at Perugia, followed you to Narni, and there again missed you."

"And you believed that your wife was my companion in that journey?"

"What else should I believe? It was the truth. I heard every where that you were accompanied by a lady—a lady whose description answered to my wife."

"Possibly. A tavern-keeper's description is somewhat vague. The lady was my sister, whom I was taking from the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Urbino, where she had been educated, to meet her betrothed in Rome, where she was to be married. Your wife took refuge at the Convent of Santa Cecilia on the night she left you. My sister and I went there with her—left her in the charge of the reverend mother, who promised her an asylum there as long as she chose to remain. She was to write to you immediately, explaining her conduct, and telling you that your violence had compelled her to this course, and that she could only return to you under certain conditions. I heard the reverend mother promise that a messenger should be dispatched to the inn with the letter as soon as it was daylight."

"I was on the road at the first streak of dawn," exclaimed Mr. Harefield. "I never had that letter. How do I know that it is not all a lie? How do I know that you have not come here with a deep-laid plot to cheat and cajole me. I have lived all these years believing my wife false, accursed, abominable, a woman whose very existence was a disgrace to me and to her child. And you come now with this fable about a convent, a sudden flight from an intolerable life—ay, it was bitter enough in those last days, I confess—a pure and spotless life, cloistered, unknown. She is living yet, I suppose, a professed nun, hiding that calm face under the shadow of a sable hood."

"She died within a year of her entrance into the convent—died as she had lived, a guest, receiving protection and hospitality from the sisterhood, among them, but not one of them. As your wife, the Church could not have received her. The nuns loved her for her gentleness, her piety, and her sorrow. I have come from her grave. Till within the last few months I have been a wanderer on the face of my country—every thought of my brain, every desire of my heart, given to the cause of Italian independence. Only last week I found myself again a traveller on the mountain road between Urbino and Perugia, and master

of my time. I went to visit the grave of her I had last seen a sorrowful fugitive from a husband whose very love had been so mixed with bitterness that it had resulted in mutual misery. The fact that you had never visited the convent or communicated in any way with the nuns during all these years, made me suspect some misunderstanding, and in justice to her whom I loved when life was young and full of fair hopes, and whose memory I love and honor now my hair is gray, I am here to tell you that your wife died worthy of your regret, that it is you who have need of pardon—not she."

"And I am to take your word for this?"

"No. I knew too well your hatred and distrust to come to you without some confirmation of my story. At my request, knowing all the circumstances of the case, the reverend mother drew up a full account of your wife's reception at the convent, her last illness and her death, which came unexpectedly, though she had long been ill. My chief purpose in coming to England was to give you this paper." He laid a large sealed envelope upon the table before Mr. Harefield. "Having done this, my mission is ended. I have no more to say."

The Italian bowed gravely and left the room, Mr. Harefield mechanically ringing the bell for the butler to show him out.

The door closed upon the departing guest, and Christian Harefield stood looking straight before him with fixed eyes—looking into empty air, and seeing—what?

A pale pained face, white to the lips, framed in ebon hair, dark eyes gazing at him with a strained agonized gaze, hands clasped in a convulsion of grief and anger.

He heard a voice half choked with sobs.

"Husband, you are too cruel—groundless accusations—vilest suspicions—I will not, I can not bear this persecution any longer. I will leave you this very night."

"Yes," he answered, "your lover is waiting for you. It was his carriage that passed us on the road—and *you* know it."

"I do," she exclaimed, with flashing eyes, "and I thank God that I have a friend and defender so near."

And then she left him, to go to her own room, as he fancied. He took her talk of flight as an empty threat. She had threatened him in this same way more than once in her passion. Their quarrel to-night had been a little more violent than usual. That was all. His jealousy had been aroused by the sight of a face he hated, looking out of a travelling carriage that whirled by them in a cloud of white dust on the sunny mountain road. He had given free rein to his violence afterward, when they were alone at the inn, and had spoken words that no woman could forgive or forget.

Late that night he found her gone, and on inquiry discovered that a carriage had been seen waiting not far from the inn, and a lady, muffled in a mantle, had been seen to enter it. He heard this some hours after the event. He had no clew to assist him in discovering the way the carriage had taken, but he concluded that it had gone on to Citta di Castello. He had no doubt as to the face that he had seen looking out of the window, athwart that blinding cloud of dust, as the bells jingled on the ragged old harness, and the driver lashed his jaded horses.

The outer door of the Water House shut with a prolonged reverberation, like the door of an empty church. Antonio was gone. Christian Harefield sank down in his accustomed seat and sat staring at the fire, with hollow eyes, his arms hanging loosely across the oaken arms of the chair, his long thin hands falling idly, his lips moving faintly now and then, but making no sound, as if repeating dumbly some conversation of the past—the ghosts of words long dead.

Those haggard eyes, which seemed with the wide-open gaze to be staring at the red logs, were indeed looking along the corridor of slow dull years to that one point in the past when life was fresh and vivid, and all this earth flushed with color and alive with light.

He was thinking of the evening when he first saw the girl who was afterward his wife.

It was at a party in Florence, at the house of an Italian countess, literary, artistic, dilettante—a party at which the rooms were crowded, and people went in and out and complained of the heat, while large and splendid Italian matrons, with eyes that one would hardly hope to see, save on the canvas of Guido, sat in indolent grace on the broad crimson divans, languidly fanning themselves, and murmuring soft scandals under cover of the music. There was much music at the Countess Circignani's, and that night a young novice, the daughter of a colonel in the Italian army, was led to the piano by the fair hand of the countess herself, who entreated silence for her protégée. And then the sweet round voice arose, full of youth and freshness, in a joyous melody by Rossini—an air as full of trills and bright spontaneous cadences as a sky-lark's song.

He, Christian Harefield, the travelling Englishman, stood among the crowd and watched the fair face of the singer. He was struck with its beauty and sweetness; but his was not a nature prone to sudden passions. This was to be no new instance of love kindled by a single glance, swift as fire from a burning-glass. Before the evening was ended, Mr. Harefield had been presented to Colonel Murano, and by the colonel to the fair singer. The soldier was a patriot, burning for the release of his country from the Austrian yoke—full of grand ideas of unification, glorious hopes that pointed to Rome as the capital of a united Italy. He found the Englishman interested in the Italian question, if not enthusiastic. He was known to be rich, and therefore worthy to be cultivated. Colonel Murano cultivated him assiduously, gave him the entrée to his shabby but patriotic salon, where Mr. Harefield listened courteously while patriots with long hair and patriots with short hair discussed the future of Italy.

The colonel was a widower with a son and daughter, the girl newly released from the convent of an educational order, where her musical gifts had been cultivated to the uttermost—the son an incipient profligate without the means of gratifying his taste for low pleasures. There was a nephew, a soldier and an enthusiast like his uncle, who spent all his evenings in the colonel's salon, singing with Beatrix Murano, or listening while she sang.

From the hour in which he first loved Beatrix, Christian Harefield hated this cousin with the grave dark face, sympathetic manners, and exquisite tenor voice. In him the Englishman saw his only rival.

Later, this young soldier, Antonio Murano, left Florence on military duty. The coast was clear. Mr. Harefield offered himself to the colonel as a husband for his daughter; the colonel responded warmly. He could wish no happier alliance for his only girl. She was young—her heart had never been touched. She could scarcely fail to reciprocate an attachment which did her so much honor.

"Are you sure of that?" asked Christian Harefield. "I have fancied sometimes that there is something more than cousinly regard between the signora and Captain Murano."

The colonel laughed at the idea. The cousins had been brought up together like brother and sister; both were enthusiasts in music and love of country. There was sympathy, an ardent sympathy, between them—nothing more.

Christian Harefield's jealous temper was not to be satisfied so easily. He kept his opinion, but passion was stronger than prudence, and a week after he had made his offer to the father, he proposed to the daughter. She accepted him with a pretty submission that charmed him, but which meant that she had learned her lesson. She had been told that to refuse this chance of fortune was to inflict a deliberate and cruel injury upon those she loved—her father, for whom life had been a hard-fought battle, unblessed by a single victory; her brother, who was on the threshold of life, and who needed to be put in the right road by a friend as powerful as Christian Harefield. The girl accepted her English suitor, loving that absent one fondly all the while, and believing she was doing her duty.

Then followed a union which might have been calm and peaceful—nay, even happy—had Fate and Christian Harefield willed it. His wife's health rendered a winter in England impossible. The doctors ordered her southward as soon as autumn began. What more natural than that her own wishes should point to her native city, the lovely and civilized Florence? Her husband, at first doting, though always suspicious, indulged this reasonable desire. At Florence they met the soldier cousin. He and Mrs. Harefield's father both belonged to the patriot party. Both believed that the hour for casting off the Austrian yoke was close at hand. Colonel Murano's salon was the rendezvous of all the *Carbonari* in the city. It was a political club. Mrs. Harefield shared the enthusiasm of her father and her cousin, and even her husband's stern nature was moved to sympathy with a cause so noble. Then, by a slow and gradual growth, jealousy took root in the husband's heart, and strangled every better feeling. He began to see in his wife's love for Florence a secret hankering after an old lover. He set himself to watch, and the man who watches always sees something to suspect. His own eyes create the monster. By-and-by Antonio Murano came to England on a secret mission to an exiled chief of the patriot party, and naturally went northward to visit his cousin. He was received with outward friendship, but inward distrust. Then came scenes of suppressed bitterness between husband and wife, a sleepless watchfulness that imagined evil meaning in every look and word, and saw guilt in actions the most innocent—a life that was verily hell upon earth. Later there followed positive accusations, the open charge of infidelity, and in the passionate indignation kindled by groundless allegations Christian Harefield's wife confessed that she had never loved him, that she had sacrificed her own inclinations for the benefit of her family. She confessed further that she had loved Antonio Murano; but declared at the same time, with tears of mingled anger and shame, that no word had ever been spoken by either of them since her marriage which her husband could blame.

"You have seen him. He has been your chosen companion and friend," cried Christian Harefield. "If you had meant to be true to me, you would never have seen his face after your marriage. Had you been honest and loyal, I would have forgiven you for not loving me. I will never forgive you for deceiving me."

From that hour there was no longer even the semblance of love between them. On Mr. Harefield's part there was an ill-concealed aversion, which extended even to his child. Finally came that last Italian journey, necessitated by the wife's fast-failing health, and with that journey the end. They went this time not to Florence, Mrs. Harefield's beloved home, but to Venice, where she was a stranger. From Venice they were to go to Rome for the winter, and it was while they were travelling toward Rome that the catastrophe came. Christian Harefield believed that his wife had left him with her cousin—that the whole thing had been deliberately planned between them, Captain Murano following them southward from Venice.

This was the bitter past upon which Christian Harefield looked back as he sat before his solitary hearth that wintry night. The story of his wedded life passed before him like a series of pictures. He might have made it better, perhaps, if he had been wiser, he told himself; but he could not have made his wife love him, and he had loved her too passionately to be satisfied with less than her love. They were doomed to be miserable.

It was long before he read the reverend mother's statement. The clock had struck more than once. His servant had come in for the last time, bringing a fresh supply of wood. The doors had been locked and barred. The household had gone to bed. It was the dead of night before Mr. Harefield aroused himself from that long reverie, and opened the sealed paper which was to confirm Antonio Murano's story.

He read it slowly and thoughtfully, and believed it. What motive could any one have for deceiving him now, after all these years, when the griefs and passions of the past were dead things, like a handful of gray dust in a funeral urn?

He rose and paced the room for a long time, deep in thought, holding the superior's letter in his hand. Then, as if moved by a sudden resolution, he seated himself at his table, and began to write a letter. It was brief, but he was long in writing it, and when it was done he sat for some time with the letter lying before him, and his eyes fixed, as if his mind had gone astray into deep thickets and jungles of conflicting thought. Then, as if again influenced by a sudden determination, he folded his letter, and put it, with the reverend mother's statement, into a large envelope.

This he addressed curiously, thus: "For my daughter Beatrix."

Then, leaving this letter on the table, he lighted a candle and went up stairs to the long passage out of which his wife's rooms opened. He unlocked the door of her sitting-room and went in.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

It will be remembered that we gave a brief statement in regard to the success of the efforts of the United States Fish Commission in stocking the Mississippi and some of its tributaries with shad, as proved by the capture of a number at the falls in the Ohio at Louisville, one of which was sent to the United States Commissioner, Professor Baird, at Washington. We have recently learned from William Griffiths, Esq., one of the Kentucky Commissioners, many interesting facts in regard to the taking of shad in the immediate vicinity of Louisville, as well as at a distance of thirty miles above and sixty-eight miles below the city.

Mr. Griffiths made a thorough inquiry as to all the circumstances connected with the taking of these fish during the season, for this purpose visiting first the dealers in fish in the market of Louisville, then interviewing the professional fishermen, and ascertaining from the Falls pilot the stages of currents of water from day to day during the run of shad, in order to settle the question whether any seines had been used in the deepest channel of the river.

From these inquiries he learned that shad were taken from the 6th to the 19th of May, the largest number on the 13th, a single dealer having purchased from the fishermen thirty-one on that day, and on the next day twenty-three. Another dealer handled sixty-five during the season, and a third, fifty; and the whole number taken was believed to be about 550.

The fishermen were not expecting the run, and were consequently not prepared for them, and did not know how or where to find them. The longest seine used was only sixty-five yards, and none was drawn in the main channel, where the depth was thirteen feet. The highest stage of water on the falls, from May 6 to 19, was eight feet nine inches; the lowest, six feet five inches; the average being nearly eight feet.

The shad were of excellent quality, and eagerly sought for by the citizens. The heaviest specimens taken weighed from five to six pounds. The importance of these facts, in connection with the future of fish-culture in the United States, can hardly be overestimated.

Further advices in regard to the carcass of the Siberian mammoth, the discovery of which we have already mentioned, and the third so far found in the flesh, state that it was found in the gold-bearing sands of a gold washing on the river Kundola, at a depth of about sixteen feet. The flesh was very soft and of a light red color when first dug up, but soon hardened, becoming like wet clay, possibly converted into adipocere.

The *Academy* calls attention to the recent death of two eminent Russian geologists, viz., Professor Von Eichwald, born in 1795 at Mitau, the author of the well-known *Lethœa Rossica*; and Professor Barbot de Marny, who died at Vienna on the 16th of April.

Considerable interest has been excited in England by the report of the committee of Parliament appointed to consider the cause of the outbreak of the scurvy on the late British arctic expedition, the virulence of which, it may be remembered, was the principal cause of the premature abandonment of that undertaking. The result of the inquiry is a report strongly condemning the action of Captain Nares in the omission of lime juice as an antiscorbutic during the sledge journeys.

To this, however, Mr. Clements R. Markham, an earnest defender of Captain Nares, replies by citing a mass of testimony to show that similar omissions on other occasions, in both the British and the American service, did not involve such results; that the severest attacks were really among men who had not been members of the sledge parties, and who had had their regular rations of lime juice throughout the voyage. Mr. Markham maintains that the true cause was the long-continued night, the great fatigue of the voyage, the lack of fresh provisions and of sufficient variety, the want of exercise, and various other provocatives.

It is well known that the island of Martinique is terribly infested by a species of serpent known as fer-de-lance, which has measurably interfered with the working of the plantations throughout the country. Various remedies have been proposed for this evil, among them the introduction of hogs, and that of the ichneumon and other wild animals which attack serpents from choice and kill and devour them.

It has been recently suggested that the secretary-bird of Africa be introduced, as it is a species which in that country occupies a very important place in the destruction of serpents and other reptiles. It is very large and powerful, and fitted for successfully combating its reptilian enemies.

The death of Dr. P. P. Carpenter, a resident of Montreal, on the 24th of May last, is a serious loss to natural science in the New World, on account of his eminent ability as a conchologist. He was born in Bristol, England, in 1819, being the son of Dr. Lant Carpenter, and brother of Dr. William B. Carpenter, an eminent physiologist, and of Miss Mary Carpenter, well known as a philanthropist, and also just deceased.

Dr. Carpenter entered the ministry at an early age, and devoted himself sedulously to the moral and physical welfare of his parishioners, being especially interested in questions of sanitary science and hygiene. Becoming interested in natural history, especially in the mollusca, he prepared a number of valuable works on this subject, the most important of which is his memoir on the mollusca of the west coast of North America, and a catalogue of Mazatlan shells. The latter work was based on a very large collection of the shells of Mazatlan, placed in his hands for the purpose; from which, after furnishing a full series to the British Museum, he made up duplicate series for other establishments. The best of these he presented to the New York State Museum of Natural History, on condition of being employed to arrange it. He accordingly came to America in 1859 for the purpose. He was then engaged by the Smithsonian Institution to arrange and label the vast collection of shells made by the United States exploring expedition, and becoming more and more interested in American conchology, he finally concluded to make this continent his home. Accordingly, in 1865, he removed to Montreal, where he remained until his death. His original intention had been to devote himself exclusively to the improvement of the sanitary condition of Canada, as well as to natural history studies; but the failure of a bank in England, in which his property was placed, made it necessary for him to adopt some other mode of livelihood, and he became an instructor of youth.

The seventh annual report of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York, shows a very satisfactory degree of progress and success, its receipts during the year having amounted to over $100,000. Of this rather more than half was derived from subscriptions, and $16,000 from the Centennial Loan Fund Exhibition. An appropriation of $14,000 was also made by the Department of Public Parks.

The principal expenditures during the year were on account of Centennial purchases, for which $50,000 were paid.

The treasurer reports that $316,000 have already been paid in subscriptions to the permanent fund, and that works of art have been presented to the value of $73,000, the total assets amounting to $390,718. There have been expended in all for paintings and drawings $145,000.

The most valuable acquisition recently made by the Museum consists of the collections of General Di Cesnola, which are already familiar to the public. The Castellani collection of works of ancient and modern art, which attracted so much attention at the Centennial, is still deposited with the Museum, with the privilege of purchase, which it is hoped will be accomplished.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The knocker is plied at Dr. A——'s house with much vigor at 1 A.M. The doctor opens the window. "Who's there?" "It's me. Mr. B—— is very sick. Come quick." "What's wrong with him?" "The same disease that carried off his wife and children last week." The doctor, being the family physician, said, "Give him the same treatment, and if there is any change, come again."

When do we read of decaying nature?—When autumn turns the leaves.

A Confession.—"No, George," she said, in response to his question, "it is not true that a string of new belt buckles in a shop window would make any woman lose a train; but," she added, musingly, "sometimes she may have to run a little."

In a discussion in a Board of Aldermen, while they were debating a proposition to supply a new style of lamp-posts, one member got up and innocently remarked that he, for one, had always found the old ones "good enough to stand by."

Scene—*Room in an old castle, in which the persons of the drama are visitors.*

Maud. "The castle is a strange, weird old place. I wonder, now, whether this room is really haunted."

Tom. "Sure to be. Why, I know three skeletons hid away in it."

Ethel. "Skeletons! Hidden away! Where, Tom, where?"

Tom. "Why, where they should be, of course. In ourselves."

An artificial florist lately described himself as "head gardener to the ladies."

A witness on the stand, in reply to a question as to what the character of Mr. —— was for truth and veracity, said, "Well, I should say that he handles truth very carelessly."

When can you be said to swallow glass-ware?—When you buy a tumbler and goblet.

The young man who on Wednesday morning said it was nip and tuck, went and tuck a nip.

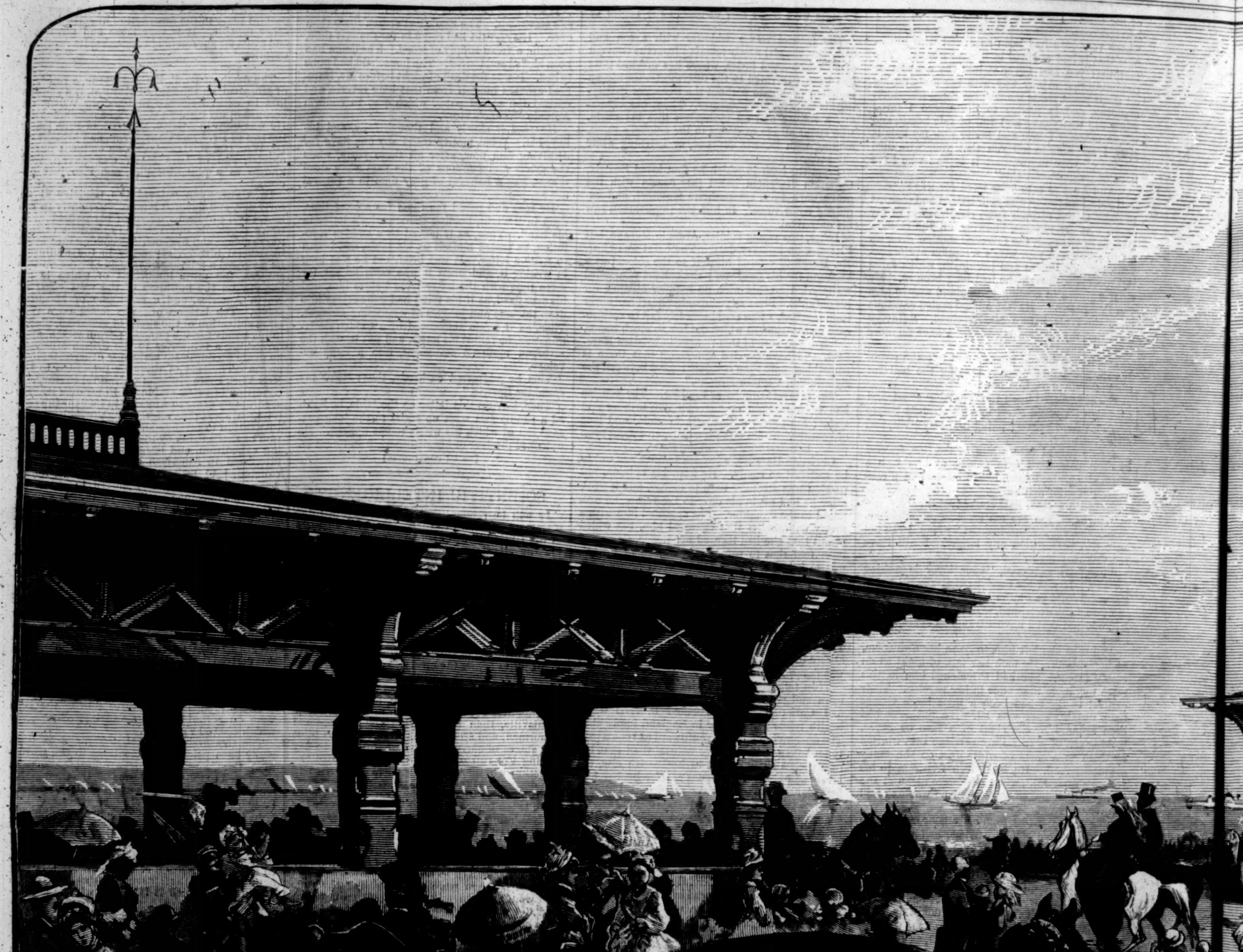
It was Mr. Emerson, we believe, who made the remark that "old age is not disgraceful, but is immensely disadvantageous."

If Augustus gives Angelina a pair of ear-rings, need they necessarily be called beau-Gus jewelry?

Speaking of dancing, a clergyman hits the nail on the head with the remark that "people usually do more harm with their tongues than with their toes."

Rufus Choate once said that when he had been on the Rhine two days he knew the whole river perfectly; couldn't have known it better if he had been drowned in it.

An Illinois clergyman is reported to have said, the other day, at the laying of the corner-stone of a new meeting-house: "If boys and girls do their sparking in churches, I say amen to it. I have a daughter whom I cherish as the apple of my eye. When she is of suitable age, I would rather she should be courted in the house of God than in a theatre."



THE CONEY ISLAND CONCOURSE.—[DR]AWN BY

...SE.—...WN BY SCHELL AND HOGAN.—[SEE PAGE 606.]

CARITA.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT,

Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," "Innocent," "Squire Arden," "The Perpetual Curate," "Ombra," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

TWO—TO BE ONE?

James Beresford was full of perturbation and troubled thoughts as well as his child. The romance of middle age is more difficult to manage than that of youth. It is less simple, less sure of its own aim; indeed, it has so often no aim at all, but cherishes itself for itself disinterestedly, as youthful sentiment never does. The death of Mr. Meredith had exercised a great, but at first undefined, influence on Mr. Beresford's affairs. He was as good as told by every body that there was now no reason for putting restrictions upon his friendship and intercourse with Mrs. Meredith—a thing which had been demanded of him as his duty a little while before; and he had accepted this assurance as an immediate relief, and had gladly fallen back into the old habits in which had lain so much of the comfort of his life. And he could not have left his friend, who had been so much to him in his trouble, at this moment of distress for her. But there was something in the air which made him conscious of a change. He could not tell what it was; no one said any thing to him; his own feelings were unaltered; and yet it was not the same. He evaded making any inquiry with himself into what had happened for some time; but the question was not to be evaded forever; and gradually he gleaned from all sides—from looks and significant words and a hundred little unexpressed hints—that there was but one thing expected by every body, and that was, with all the speed consistent with decency, a marriage between himself and his neighbor. Every body took it for granted that the death of her husband was "a special providence" to make two good people happy; and that poor Mr. Meredith (though probably he had no such benevolent intention) could not have done a kinder thing than to take himself out of the way at this particular moment. Of course what would happen now was clear to the meanest apprehension. Probably being, as they were, excellent people both, and full of good feeling, they would wait the full year, and show "every respect" to the dead man who had been so considerate of them; but that, at that or an earlier period, Mrs. Meredith would become Mrs. Beresford, was a thing that every one felt convinced of, as sure as if it had already taken place.

It would be difficult to tell how this general conviction forced itself upon James Beresford's mind. The efforts which had to be made to send him away awoke him to a startled sense that his intimacy with his neighbor was regarded by his friends under a strange and uncomfortable light; and he had yielded to their efforts with no small agitation on his own part, and a sense of pain and desolation which made him ask himself whether they were right. Probably had he gone away, and Mrs. Meredith been forcibly separated from him, an unlawful object of affection, he would have ended by believing that they were right, and that the consolation and comfort and pleasures of his intercourse with her had grown into "a warmer feeling." But now that Mr. Meredith was well out of the way, and even the excitement attending his end over, he was by no means so clear in his mind, and the subject became one of great trouble and complication. Somehow it seems always possible, always within the modesties of nature even to the least vain of men or women, that some other, any other, may regard him (or her) with a specially favorable eye. No one does wrong in loving us, nor are we disposed to blame them for it. So that there was perhaps a time in which Mr. Beresford took his friends' opinion for granted, and was not unprepared to believe that perhaps Mrs. Meredith would be happy in being his wife; and that, in his state of mind, was a final argument against which nothing could be said. But lately he had begun to doubt this; his coming did not clear away the clouds that had invaded her brows. She would strike into sudden talk about Edward and his going away, when her friend, with much delicacy and anxiety, was endeavoring to sound her feelings. She seemed unconscious of his investigation—her mind was preoccupied. Sometimes, on the other hand, she would betray a certain uneasiness, and change the subject in a way that betrayed her consciousness; but that was only when her mind was quite free. From the time when she began to have a grievance, an anxiety of her own, she escaped from the most cautious wiles of his scrutiny. She was more occupied by thoughts of her son than by thoughts of him. Was this consistent with *love?* Poor James Beresford, feeling that this would decide him in a moment could he know, one way or another, what her feelings were, was thus thrown out and forced to fall back upon his own.

And what were his own? A maze of conflicting ideas, wishes, prejudices, and traditions of old affection. There was nothing in the world he would not have given up cheerfully rather than lose this sweet friend—this consoler and sympathizer in all his troubles. But he did not want her to be his wife; he did not want to have any new wife. His Annie, it might be, had faded into a distant shadow; but that shadow represented to him a whole world past and over—the world of love and active, brilliant, joyous happiness. His nature, too, had fallen into the shadows; he did not want that kind of happiness now; one passion had been enough for him; he wanted a friend, and that he had; he did not want any thing more. And the idea of disturbing all the unity of his life by a second beginning gave him a smart shock. Can a man have more wives than one? Can he have more lives than one? He was a fanciful man, of fastidious mind, and with many niceties of feeling such as ruder minds called fantastic. He shrank from the thought of banishing from his house even the shadow and name of her who was gone. To be sure, if he could make up his mind that *she* wished it, all these resolutions would have gone to the winds; and it is very likely that he would have been very happy—happier than he could ever be otherwise. But then he could not make her feelings out. Would she go visibly away from him, even while he was sitting by her, into her troubles about Edward—eyes and heart alike growing blank to him, and full of her boy—if she had given to him a place above her boys in her affections? Surely no. I would not even assert that there was not the slightest possible suspicion of pique in this conclusion, for the man would have been flattered to know that the woman loved him, even though he was conscious that he did not so regard her. But "the warmer feeling" of which all their friends were so sure, of which every body concluded that it had grown unconsciously *en tout bien et tout honneur* out of that friendship which the world holds to be impossible between man and woman, was just the one thing about which the principal person concerned could have no certainty at all. He knew what the friendship was—it was almost life to him; it was his strongest support, his best consolation; it was the only thing that could make a second, a kind of serious sweet successor, to the love that was never to come again; but it was not that love—certainly not in his heart—so far as he could make out, not in hers either; but who could tell? Weak man! he would rather have preferred that she should have felt differently, and that it should have been his duty to marry for her sake.

His life had settled down into all its old lines since Mr. Meredith's death. He had his business about the societies, his meetings, his lectures to arrange, sometimes his articles to write. Now and then he dined out in the best and most learned of company. He was pointed out to the ignorant, when he went into society, as a distinguished person. He was in the front of the age, knowing a great deal more than most people knew, doing things that few people could do. His mornings were spent in these refined and dignified occupations; and when he dined out with his remarkable friends, or when he dined at home with only his silent little girl to keep him company, as regularly as the clock struck he knocked at the next door, and had his hour of gentle talk, of mutual confidence. They knew all about each other, these two; each could understand all the allusions the other made, all the surrounding incidents in the other's life. They talked as man and wife do, yet with a little element of unconvention, of independence, of freshness in the intercourse, which made it more piquant than that between man and wife. What could be more agreeable, more desirable, more pleasant? But to break off all this delightful ease of intercourse by some kind of antiquary courtship, by the fuss of marriage, by fictitious honey-mooning, and disturbance of all their formed and regular habits of life—what nonsense it would be, and all for the sake of their friends, not of themselves! But if *she* should wish it, of course that would give altogether another character to the affair.

This was what Mr. Beresford at last made up his mind to ascertain boldly one way or another. It was about the same time as Oswald, approaching the railway junction, was turning over his dilemma, and seeing no way out of it. Mr. Beresford had been hearing a lecture, and was in a chastened state of mind. He had been hearing about the convulsions of the early world, and by what means the red-hot earth cooled down and settled itself, after all manner of heavings and boilings, into something of the aspect it wears. As he walked home he dwelt upon the wonderful grandeur of such phenomena. What did it matter, after all, what happened to a few small insignificant persons on the crust which had formed over all these convulsions? What of their little weepings and lovings and momentary struggles, to one who could study such big and mighty strainings of force against force? A little while at the most, and the creatures who made so much fuss about their feelings would be a handful of dust; but volcanic action would go on forever. Notwithstanding this philosophy, however, it must be allowed that, whereas he had heard of these convulsions with the calmest bosom, his heart began to beat as he approached Mrs. Meredith's door. If the moon had tumbled out of the sky, or a boiling caldron suddenly revealed itself in the earth, so long as it was at a safe distance even Mr. Beresford, who was so fond of science, would not have cared a tenth part so much about it as he did to know what his neighbor meant—which was inconsistent, but natural, perhaps. The philosophy went out of his head as he approached the door. Little fusses of loving and of liking—momentary cross-lights, or, let us say, flickering farthing candles of human sentiment—what are they to the big forces that move the world? Is not a bit of chalk more interesting than all your revolutions and changes? your petty sufferings, passions, heroisms, and the like? Mr. Beresford thought he believed all that—yet, heaven above! how calm he was when the chalk was under consideration, and how much perturbed when he went up the steps of the house next door!

"You have been out to-night?"

"Yes, I have been hearing Robinson—a remarkably interested, intelligent audience. Where are the boys? Edward should come; it would interest him."

"Edward is always at work. He is killing himself for this examination. I wish he could be interested in something less serious. Oswald has been away all day. I think he said he was going to the country. If we could only mix them up a little," said the mother, with an anxious smile; "to one a little more gravity, to the other a little more of his brother's light-heartedness."

Mr. Beresford did not say any thing about the superior interest of volcanic action, as he might, nay, perhaps ought, to have done. He said, instead, in the feeblest way, "That will come as they get older. You must give them time."

Mrs. Meredith did not say any thing. She shook her head, but the faint smile on her face remained. There was nothing tragical yet about either one or the other. Mr. Beresford was less calm than usual. He sat down and got up again; he took up books and threw them away; he fidgeted about the room from one point to another. At last even Mrs. Meredith's composure gave way. She jumped to one of those sudden conclusions which foolish women who are mothers are so apt to think of. It suddenly rushed upon her mind that some accident had happened to Oswald, and that Mr. Beresford had been sent to her to break the news.

"You are put out," she said; "something has happened. Oh, tell me—something about the boys? Oswald!"

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "Don't think it for a moment. The boys are perfectly well, I hope. I was going to ask you an odd sort of question, though," he added, with an awkward smile, rushing into the middle of the subject. "Did it never occur to you that you would be the better for having some one to help you with the boys?"

Now there could not have been a more foolish question, for until a very short time back the boys' father had been in existence, and since then there had been no time for the widow to take any such step. She looked at him with much surprise. "Some one to help me? Whom could I have to help me? Their poor dear father was too far away."

"Ah! I forgot their father," said Mr. Beresford, with naive innocence, and then there was a pause. He did not know how to begin again after that very evident downfall. "I mean, however, as a general question," he added, "what do you think? Should you approve of a woman in your own position—marrying, for instance—for her children's sake?"

"That is a curious question," she said, with a little laugh; but the surprise brought the color into her face. "I suppose it would depend on the woman. But I don't know," she added, after a moment, "how a woman could put her children into any stranger's—any *other* man's hands."

"Ah, a stranger! perhaps I did not mean a stranger."

"I don't think you know what you meant," she said, with a smile; but there was some terror in her eyes. She thought she knew what was coming. She was like him in her own sentiments, and still more like him in her speculations about himself. She had been brought to believe that he loved and wanted to marry her. And if it could not be otherwise, she felt that she must consent; but she did not wish it any more than he did. However, while he thought the best policy was to find out what ought to be done at once, she was all for putting off, avoiding the consideration, trusting in something that might turn up. Mr. Beresford, however, had wound himself up to this interview, and was not to be put off.

"Between people of our sober years such questions may be discussed, may they not?" he said. "I wonder what *you* think really? There is nothing I so much wish to know—not the conventional things that every body says—but what *you* think. You have been my other conscience for so long," he added, jesuitically, in order to conceal the cunning with which he was approaching the subject—asking for her opinion without specifying the subject on which he wanted it.

But she saw through him, with a little amusement at the artifice employed. He wanted to know what she thought without asking her. Fortunately, the being asked was the thing *she* wanted to avoid. But just when they had got to this critical point, Edward came down stairs. He was not friendly as he had been to his mother's friend; he came in with the gloom upon his face, and a look of weariness. Mr. Beresford heard the door open with great impatience of the new-comer, whoever it might be. Nothing could be more inopportune. He wished Edward in Calcutta, or wherever else it might be best for him to be on the other side of the seas. But as for Mrs. Meredith, her attention fled on the moment to her boy. She forgot her friend and his questioning, and even the delicate position which she had realized, and the gravity of the relations which might ensue. All this went out of her mind in comparison with Edward's fatigued look. She got up and went to him, putting her hand very tenderly upon his shoulder.

"You have been working too long, dear. Oh, Edward, don't be so anxious to get away from me! You are working as if this was your dearest wish in the world."

"So it is," he said; "not to leave you, mother, but to feel that I am doing something, not merely learning or enjoying myself."

"Edward is quite right," said Mr. Beresford. "It is by far the most worthy feeling for a young man."

But Edward did not take this friendly support in a good spirit; he darted a half-savage glance at his backer-up.

"Oh, if you take it in that light, that is not what I meant," he said. "I am not of that noble strain. It is not pure disinterestedness. I think it is a pity only to lose one's advantages, and I should have some advantages of connection and that sort of thing. At least I suppose so; and if is what is called a fine career."

"Yes, it is a fine career."

"If it is fine to separate yourself from all you care for in the world," cried Mrs. Meredith, "from all who care for you—not only must we be left behind, but when you have got beyond me, when you have a family of your own—"

"Which I never shall have, mother."

"Nonsense! boys and girls say so, and end just like others; even your own, your very own, must be taken from you. You must give up every thing—and you call that a fine career."

"Men do, if women don't," said the young man, not looking at her. His heart was so wrung and sore that he could not keep the gloom off his face.

"And you don't care what women think? You might have put off that lesson till you were a little older. At your age, what your mother thinks should surely be something to you still."

He gave her a look which was full of pain. Was that what he was thinking? Was he sure to care little for what women thought? "You know better, mother," he said, harshly. He was all rubbed the wrong way—thwarted, wearied, unhappy. "I only came for a book," he continued, after a moment, picking up the first one he got hold of, and then, with a little nod to the visitor, went up stairs again. What did that visitor want here? Why did he leave his own house, and Cara alone—poor Cara!—whom nobody loved as Edward did? It would be a great deal better for Mr. Beresford if he would stay at home. After this little episode, Edward sat down, stubborn and unyielding, to his work again. What did it matter if a man was happy or unhappy? He had his day's work to get through all the same.

"Don't think him harsh. I am afraid my boy is not quite happy," said Mrs. Meredith, with tears in her eyes.

"That is nothing," he said. "I am not a friend of yesterday; but he came in when we were talking—"

"Ah, yes," she said; but her eyes were still full of Edward. "What was it we were talking about?"

"I am afraid if you say that, it is sufficient answer to my question," said Mr. Beresford, more wounded than he could have supposed possible; for he wanted to be first with her, though he did not wish it in the vulgar way that was supposed.

"You are not to be angry," she said, with a deprecating look, laying her hand softly on his arm; "you must not be hard upon me. When they are boys we wish them to be men, but anxiety grows with their growth; and now I think sometimes I should be glad to have them boys again."

"Boys! boys!" he exclaimed, with natural impatience, "is that all you think of? Yet there are other interests in the world."

"How selfish I am!" she cried, rousing herself suddenly. "That is true. You must forgive me; but I am so used to talk to you of every thing, whatever is in my heart."

This melted him once more. "Yes," he said, "we talk to each other of every thing; we have no secrets between us. There is nothing in the world I would not do for you, nor you, I think, for me. Do you know what people are thinking about you and me? They think that, being so near, we should be nearer; that we might help one another better. That was what I wanted to ask you. Don't you think it is so?"

He wanted her to commit herself first, and she was willing enough that he should commit himself, but not that she should. She was embarrassed, yet she met his eyes with a half smile.

"I think it is not a case for heeding what people think. Are we not very well as we are? How could we be better than as fast friends—friends through fire and water?"

"That we should always be," he said, grasping her hand—"that we should always be; and yet without becoming less, we might be more. Speak to me frankly, dear; you know all my heart. Do not you think so too?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CONEY ISLAND.

The Prospect Park Commissioners can not be too highly commended for the good work they have accomplished in opening up the magnificent drive from the Brooklyn park to the Coney Island beach, thus affording a delightful carriage-way to the sea. The new road is an extension of the Ocean Parkway from King's Highway, near the Fair Grounds, to Coney Island. It was completed last fall, but was not opened until the present season. At the lower end the Boulevard opens on a broad beach road, or Concourse, 250 feet wide, and over half a mile in length, extending on a line parallel with the surf. This important improvement was also due to the Park Commissioners, who intend to lengthen the Concourse on the west end. The ground has been surveyed, and the work will be pushed on with rapidity. The entire length, when completed, will be a mile and a half. It is paved with concrete, and has a surface as hard and smooth as the floor of a dwelling. The roadway is bordered by broad sidewalks, which are separated from the drive by iron chains, for the protection of pedestrians. Shade trees have been set out on both sides of the Concourse. Immediately opposite the hotel on the eastern end the Rockaway Steamboat Company is constructing a pier, 600 feet long, where New York passengers may land from the Rockaway boats.

Two very pretty pavilions, with seats running around and through the centre of the buildings, afford very grateful resting-places. These appear in our double-page engraving of the Concourse. The cooling shade and invigorating breezes from the sea render these spots delightful beyond description. Then the ocean view is superb as it stretches far away in the distance, with the New Jersey Highlands on the right and the boundless waters of the sea on the left, dotted with the white sails of the ships that come and go; while below, the beach reminds one in its picturesqueness of an English watering-place, with its throngs of merry children playing on the sands or riding on the backs of patient donkeys.

No one who goes to the island should fail to visit the Sea-side Aquarium, which is situated at the

west end of the Concourse. The main building is 250 feet wide by 150 feet long, the grounds 450 feet by 400. The tanks contain all kinds of amphibious animals, including a large white whale and a number of seals. There were two whales originally, but one of them unfortunately died. Five of the seals are only babies yet. They are objects of great interest to visitors, especially to the little folks. Two sea-lions—one especially—make music enough for a dozen in their tank near the whale. They are not as large as the one in New York, and are very restless, evidently not well pleased with their confined quarters. On one side of the building, the eastern end, is an extensive aviary, where birds of rare and beautiful plumage from all parts of the world may be seen. The water used in the aquarium tanks is pumped up from the sea outside the bar. If the inhabitants of the finny deep "feel out of place," it can be said they are, at least, "in their native element."

These are but samples of the many attractions of the island. It would require a great book to enumerate them all. It may be well, however, to add to the list the Camera, the Punch and Judy show, and the delightful music played every evening by CONTERNO's Twenty-third Regiment Band, within a stone's-throw of the Concourse. Enough has been said to show what can be done in the future. Out of a wild waste of sand, money and enterprise have succeeded, if not in making "the desert to blossom like the rose," at least in making improvements which, if continued and enlarged upon, will make the island the most popular and pleasing summer resort in the vicinity of New York.

The police arrangements on the island have been greatly improved this season. In addition to the detachments of Brooklyn officers stationed there in uniform, there are special officers at each of the hotels, and a close watch is kept on suspicious characters who frequent the place. So strict are the regulations, and so well enforced, that the order preserved is equal to that of Central Park. In the middle and at each end of the Concourse are standards with framed printed rules, so that "he who runs may read," and he who violates the rules has no excuse. Ladies may now go with their children, or even alone, without fear of molestation. The facilities for reaching the island have been increased, and the time shortened. Several lines of steam-cars are running, one of which, the Manhattan Beach Railway, has just been opened, connecting at Bay Ridge with the boat from New York. There is also a line of steamers running directly from either North or East River piers and from Brooklyn to the island.

THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

FROM the heart of the highlands of Asia the Turks make their appearance in history, savage, fierce, untamable, at an early period, the relatives of the Tartar, Hun, and all the lowest forms of the Eastern nomad; and the annals of no nation or people have shown so unvarying a course of degrading and disheartening cruelty. No historian, no novelist, has been able to invest any portion of their career of conquest and decay with any elevated interest or any striking pictorial display. The MOHAMMEDS and the SOLYMANS, ORCHAN and OTHMAN, are equally disgusting to prose or poetry, and the labors of KNOLLYS, VON HAMMER, CREASY, and PALGRAVE are all wasted, in a literary point of view, upon a theme from which literature shrinks, and at which human nature shudders. Some traits of intellect and progress invest the Saracens with a poetic lustre; the Persian was the lover of song and graceful fancy; the Egyptian has left his solemn and awful mystery written on stone; but the Turk has little more claim to the attention of mankind than the savage beasts who prey upon the people of India, the tigers that leap from the jungles of Hindostan. He sprang from his covert in the eighth century, and in the tenth was the master of Jerusalem, in the fifteenth fixed his seat at Constantinople.

With the Eastern branch of the Turks we have little concern; they have long been lost in the superior fortunes of their Western relatives. But in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries OTHMAN and ORCHAN, the hero kings of the Ottoman dynasty, rose to fame, and OTHMAN, the first Sultan of his race, spread the rule of the Turk to the walls of Nice and Nicomedia. Like all his successors, he was a murderer and a parricide, and when his uncle DUNDAR opposed one of his military plans, OTHMAN shot him dead with an arrow. He died, and was succeeded by his son ORCHAN, whose exploits are sung by poets and told by historians to stir the patriotic ardor of the Ottoman youth. ORCHAN formed the Janizaries from the captive Christians, he conquered Nice, the great capital, made Asia Minor his own, married at sixty the youthful daughter of the Emperor CANTACUZENE, and his son SOLYMAN, the Black Prince of Turkish history, first led the Turks across the Hellespont: a dream of the crescent moon floated before him until he saw its silver rays span the Bosporus, and heard mysterious voices calling him over the narrow sea. SOLYMAN died before his father. AMURATH I. succeeded, and the wave of Turkish conquest spread over Europe and Asia. From OTHMAN, their first Sultan, the Turks were called Ottomans, and the fame of their cruelty and their valor startled the warring kings of Germany and the divided realms of Italy and France. When BAJAZET the Terrible crossed the Balkans, conquered Servia, defeated the Crusaders of France and Germany (1396), and massacred his prisoners before the walls of Nicopolis, the fate of Europe seemed decided. The nomads of Asia had proved the masters of the art of war, and emperors, princes, and knights fell before the ruthless Janizaries. BAJAZET cried out that his horse should eat oats on the high altar of St. Peter's. His generals overran Hungary, Styria, Greece. Constantinople, feeble, fallen, stood isolated in the midst of a conquered world; one victory more, and the Turk must have held the heart of Europe, and stopped the progress of mankind. But at that moment another Asiatic monster interfered to save the West—another horde of nomads assailed their savage brethren. TIMOUR avenged the chivalry of France, and Western civilization owed an important respite to the brutal rage and rivalry of the Eastern savages. BAJAZET fell before the arms of TIMOUR, and the conqueror of Europe, tradition relates, died chained in his iron cage.

BAJAZET fell at a moment when the Europeans were slowly rising from the degeneracy of the Middle Ages, and when Goths and Vikings had learned some of the arts of civilized life. In 1399, HENRY of Bolingbroke had usurped the English throne, and his son, HENRY V., was soon to carry waste, misery, and degradation to the realm of France. There was to be no rest for many a year to the hapless people, and the rage of their masters was nearly to complete their ruin. The Italian republics were falling into decay, and freedom lived no longer except in name. The papacy had lost all influence; and at the Council of Constance the armed princes and kings of Europe deposed the Pope and fixed the laws of the papal succession. Germany was soon to be torn by the rage of religious warfare, and the death of HUSS proved more dangerous to the Roman see than even the deposition of JOHN XXIII. All over Europe was only weakness, division, decay, when suddenly it was told in all its capitals that the Turks were once more powerful, that they were advancing to the siege of Constantinople, and that the fall of the Greek metropolis must lead to the conquest of the West.

The siege began in the spring of 1453. Twenty-nine times, it was computed, the Byzantine city had been besieged, eight times it had been taken; but never before had it been assailed by so formidable a host as that which now enveloped it in a cloud of ruin. Far as the Greeks could see, the long lines of the Turk on both sides of the Propontis encompassed their crumbling walls. MOHAMMED II., young, fierce, patient, skillful, led on the invaders with savage eagerness. CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGUS, last of its emperors, almost a hero, had resolved to perish or conquer in the capital of his race. The fortifications of Constantinople were immense and powerful, shaken by time, the work of an earlier age, and scarcely fitted to bear the shock of that new artillery which had supplanted the battering-ram and the Greek fire of the past. The cannon roared against the ancient battlements, and the tower of St. Romanus trembled before the unaccustomed shock. The Turkish fleet was routed by a few Christian merchantmen; the despair of the feeble garrison seemed almost to insure the safety of the city. But at length MOHAMMED's ships occupied the inner harbor; the mighty walls were breached; the city of CONSTANTINE and of Christianity awaited the final assault; and CONSTANTINE PALÆOLOGUS knelt for the last time in the Church of St. Sophia, trod hastily the palace of his ancestors, and placed himself like a true hero with his few companions at the fallen tower of St. Romanus. The immense host of Turks pressed on. The Greeks resisted with the courage of Marathon or Leuctra. Thousands fell before their feeble arms; until at length the hostile torrent poured into every part of the city, and in the dead of the night, in the fair month of May, filled with nameless horror and despair the Christian capital. CONSTANTINE lay dead under heaps of slain. MOHAMMED II. rode through the breach at St. Romanus, the conqueror, it seemed, of Europe.

To this he aspired; and it was to ravage and subdue Italy that all the labors of his life tended. At Belgrade the chivalry of Europe successfully opposed the Janizaries; yet the Turks conquered at last Albania and Herzegovina. The Senators of Venice might see from their palace roofs the ravages of the invader; Rhodes escaped, but Otranto, in Italy, yielded to MOHAMMED. His next campaign was to plunder Naples, conquer Rome, when death fell upon him, 1481, and Europe was for a moment safe.

A civil war followed the death of MOHAMMED, and it was not until SOLYMAN the Great ruled over the Turks that the peril of the West became once more imminent. In 1520–66 the Reformation, printing, the New World, an enlarged civilization, had softened the manners of Europe. But the Turks had shared in none of these advantages, and had aided in no labor of progress. Conquest and war were the only purpose of the nomad race, and once more the fierce Asiatic hordes began their assault upon the centres of Western knowledge. Hungary was overrun, Rhodes fell before the fleets of SOLYMAN; and on the 10th of May, 1529, at the head of 250,000 men and 300 cannon, the Sultan moved up the Danube to begin the first siege of Vienna. In the autumn seven encampments formed a circle around the hapless city. SOLYMAN stimulated his soldiers by threats and promises, and a feeble garrison of 16,000 men, under Count SALM, defended the crumbling walls. Had the Austrian capital fallen, the Turkish Empire must have extended over the heart of Europe, and the Rhine and the Elbe might have obeyed the worshipers of the Crescent. But the defense was heroic; even SOLYMAN yielded to the valor of the despairing Austrians, and amidst horrible outrages and the massacre of countless Christians, led back his savage army, decimated and disgraced, along the Danube. Yet when he died he left an empire mightier than that of Rome, reaching from the Caspian to the cataracts of the Nile, and from Belgrade to the Persian Sea.

Decay followed; no second SOLYMAN arose. The vices of the most terrible of despotisms sapped the strength of the Turks; and it was not until 1683 that, under a feeble sovereign and in a less hopeful spirit, the Ottomans began the second siege of Vienna. France and LOUIS XIV. suggested and probably urged the unexpected movement; an army of 275,000 Turks, and, with their followers, reaching to more than half a million, gathered around Vienna. The siege began on the 15th of July, and only 11,000 men, under Count STAREMBERG, resisted, amidst the shattered walls and bursting mines, the fierce onset of the Janizaries. Europe looked on, apparently unmoved, while its chief bulwark was falling; the heroic garrison were left almost alone; the walls were breached; the city was lost; the hour for the final assault drew on, when suddenly on the Kalenberg hills appeared the Poles and SOBIESKI, and struck the immense host of Turks with a horrible destruction. They fled, torn and beaten, followed by a merciless massacre, to their lairs in Bulgaria and Belgrade, and over Europe spread a sudden thrill of joy as sincere as that which had followed Marathon and welcomed Leuctra. The Turks have never recovered their strength, and the surrounding nations have preyed incessantly upon the declining resources of the Ottoman power. Austria has freed Hungary, Russia seized the Crimea. Always engaged in the most horrible and yet often not unjustifiable wars, the Turks, the tigers of the East, have fought bravely for their lives and property, but in vain. Tameless, unchangeable, still an Asiatic nomad, the Ottoman has sunk into a decay from which neither diplomacy nor arms can rescue him.

A despotic government is an anomaly that modern civilization can scarcely tolerate. A despotic caste, cruel and immovable, is what modern intelligence chiefly abhors, and the Ottoman rule includes both of these fatal defects. Its Sultan, the offspring of the harem, nurtured in a perilous school, has ever vibrated heretofore between imbecility and overbearing tyranny. It is impossible to point out an Ottoman Sultan who has not been a horrible murderer like MOHAMMED II., a savage like SOLYMAN the Magnificent, or an idiot, the slave of women and of slaves. The Ottoman officials have always imitated their masters; the Ottoman soldiers have shown their real character in Bulgaria; the Ottoman race has proclaimed itself wholly unfit to govern civilized men; their new constitution can be of no avail; and the shocking war that rages in the East will not prove altogether without good results if it reduces the Turk to a condition of equality with the intelligent people he aspires to command. As a barrier to the growth of knowledge, the Ottoman rule must be swept away forever.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SKETCHES AT LONG BRANCH.

IN *Harper's Weekly* for August 23, 1873, we presented our readers with a fine large engraving of "Long Branch from the Sea," giving an extended bird's-eye view of the entire line of coast and the adjacent country. The village proper, the Avenue road, all the hotels and cottages, the Life-saving Station, and many other objects of interest were shown. In the present number, on page 600, our artist presents a group of sketches on the beach. They were taken from life, and their faithfulness will be instantly recognized by all the frequenters of this charming and fashionable resort.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

AUGUST.

Sunday, 5.—Tenth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 12.—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 19.—Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.
Friday, 24.—St. Bartholomew.
Sunday, 26.—Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MONEY may be scarce and business may be dull, but neither the scarcity of the one nor the dullness of the other diminishes the number of worshipers at the religious summer resorts. This year temperance has become a leading theme at these gatherings. At Round Lake, from July 10–20, the throngs were at times immense. Dr. TALMAGE, Messrs. A. B. EARLE and E. P. HAMMOND, Drs. FOWLER, TIFFANY, and J. P. NEWMAN, and many others, addressed the people. At Ocean Grove a "Gospel Temperance Camp-Meeting" was opened, July 18, under the direction of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Here, too, great multitudes assembled, and were addressed by well-known temperance speakers.

Taking up the matter of mortgages upon church property, the Chicago *Alliance* has made what it claims to be a thorough investigation of the condition of church property, as to indebtedness, in that city. The result shows that the Presbyterian churches are mortgaged to the amount of $256,898; the Congregational, $214,115; the Methodist Episcopal, $169,783; the Baptist, $133,099; Lutheran, $108,200; Protestant Episcopal, $126,250; Unitarian, $76,000. Other smaller sums bring the total to $1,411,195. There is but one Roman Catholic church which is reported as encumbered, and on this the debt is only $3000. Most of these mortgage debts have been contracted since the great fire.

The Southern Methodist bishops fell short in the receipt of their salaries last year $400 each, on a total of $3000. They are supported by public collections, and are hard-worked men.

The discussion of the relative strength of the Protestant denominations in the large cities will receive a fresh impulse from a recent and carefully prepared article in the *Methodist Quarterly Review*, by the Rev. JOHN ATKINSON, of Chicago. Mr. ATKINSON has a thesis to defend, namely, that the itinerant system is as well adapted to large cities as a settled pastorate; but, aside from this, he has made a valuable collection of statistics. In New York the number of communicants is, Methodist Episcopal, 12,347; Presbyterian, 16,483; Baptist, 12,073; Episcopal, 15,318; Congregational, 1883. In Brooklyn the Methodist communicants are 12,527; Presbyterian, 9145; Baptist, 7340; Episcopal, 9240; Congregational, 7090. In Philadelphia, Methodist, 23,901; Presbyterian, 23,480; Baptist, 15,018; Episcopal, 16,956; Congregational, 951. In Boston, Methodist, 5145; Presbyterian, 1579; Baptist, 9387; Episcopal, 4405; Congregational, 7730. In Baltimore, Methodist, 18,439; Presbyterian, 3465; Baptist, 4643; Episcopal, 6957; Congregational, 100. The trouble, however, with such statistics is that under each family name, as Presbyterian, etc., there are often several denominations, all represented in a great city. The compilers of statistics should be careful to state whether they include all of these representatives in their totals or not. Mr. ATKINSON's tables are, apart from the purpose which he has in view, of interest.

The temperance movement in England has of late gone much in the direction of what is known among us as "local option;" there, however, local option has taken the name of the "permissive" system. On July 4 a great meeting was held in Exeter Hall of the supporters of the Permissive Bill, and addresses were made by Canon WILBERFORCE, Sir WILFRID LAWSON, Sir WALTER C. TREVELYAN, Prebendary GRIER, and Professor THOROLD ROGERS.

The work of the London School Board comes under the head of Religious Intelligence, for the reason that it is carried on in competition with a system of denominational education. The report for the first quarter of the present year shows that the board has under its control 233 schools, accommodating 156,662 scholars. The average attendance is 119,729. The gross annual cost is £2 11*s.* 11½*d.* for each child. The salaries of the male teachers average £102; of the female, £81.

The advocates in Scotland of the separation of the Presbyterian Kirk from the state are counting on the co-operation of Mr. GLADSTONE. According to the Glasgow *News*, "he has intimated his willingness to support the programme of the Liberation Society in its application to the Established Church of Scotland. This he does on the ground that it is the Church of a minority of the Scotch people, and is, therefore, not defensible as a political institution. Mr. GLADSTONE does not consider that the Church of England stands in the same position, and he will not, therefore, extend his attack to the English institution at the present stage of the Liberation agitation." If this account be true, the Free Churchmen of Scotland have gained an important ally.

Considerable excitement has been created by the appearance in England of a book called the *Priest in Absolution*, prepared for the use of members of the "Society of the Holy Cross" in the Established Church. Many passages in it are so indecent that universal reprobation of the society has followed. The Attorney-General said, in the House of Commons, that if the book "had been circulated among the laity, he was of opinion that those circulating it would be liable to prosecution for the publication of an obscene and disgusting work." The names of the members of the society—700 in all—have been published, and at Oxford the bishop of the diocese has been called upon to request the clergymen under his jurisdiction who are members to withdraw from it.

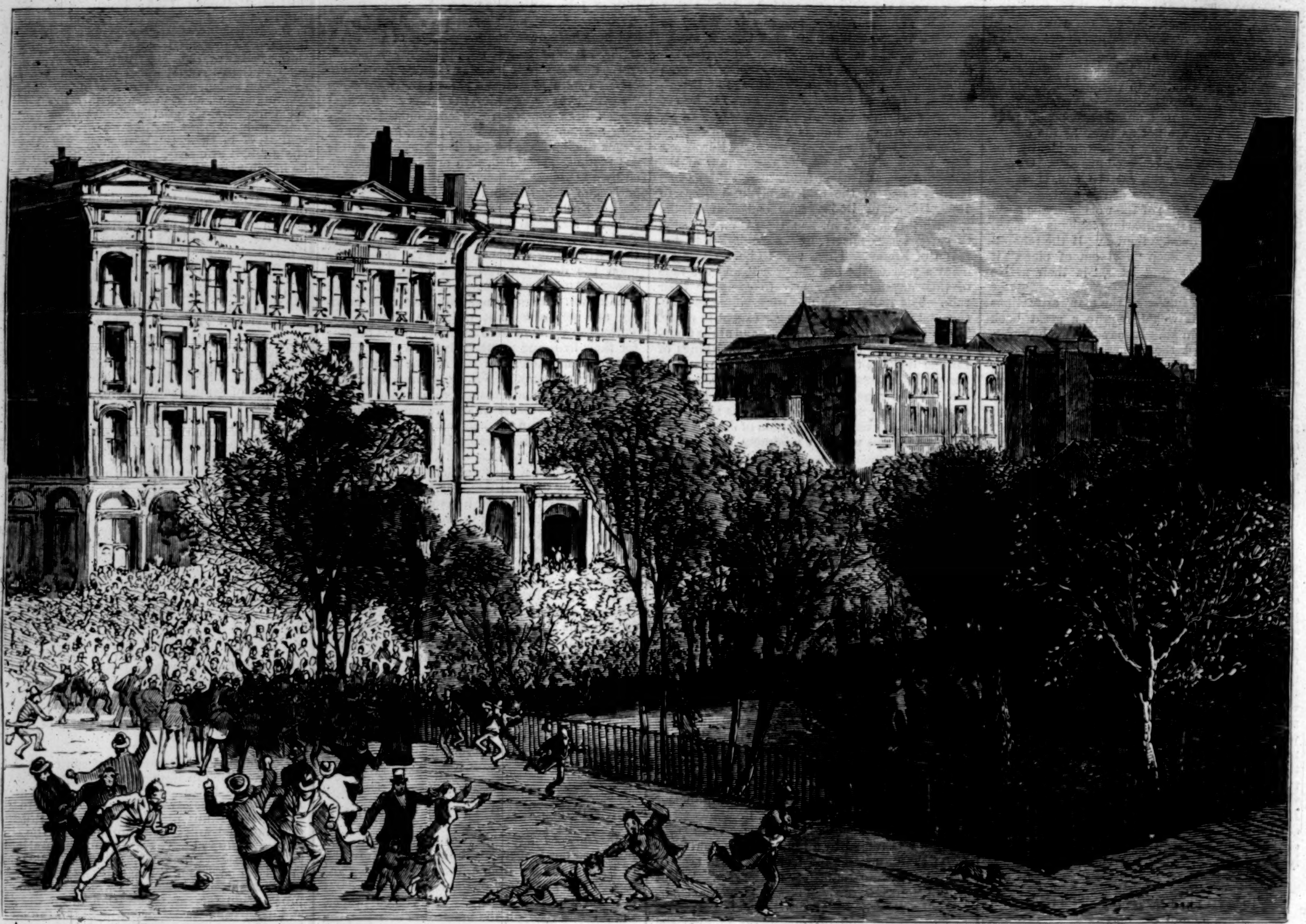
Dr. PRIME, who is, during his stay abroad, giving much attention to the great English preachers, says this of Mr. SPURGEON: "He is the same earnest, evangelical, and useful preacher that he was in his younger days. Crowds attend upon his ministry, filling a church larger than any other in this country or ours. He has undoubtedly worked too hard, in this sense, that he has too many irons in the fire—preaching, publishing, teaching, and managing things generally. It is quite likely that he has taken too little of that kind of exercise which requires physical action in the open air, without which most men of sedentary lives run the risk of sharing the fate of the wicked, who do not live out half their days."

The charitable gifts of women are beginning, in their largeness, to emulate those of men. Mrs. AUGUSTUS HEMENWAY, the widow of a Boston millionaire, has given the Homœopathic College of that city $10,000, and the Young Men's Christian Union $5000. Mrs. JOHN C. GREEN, of New York, who last April discharged the debt of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Board by a single donation of $50,000, has just added thereto $50,000 for the New York Presbyterian Hospital. Mrs. A. T. STEWART's bestowal of $700,000 for the erection of a cathedral on Long Island, places her among the great benefactors of our time.

At the late State Sunday-school Convention of Pennsylvania there were reported 6132 schools, 81,385 officers and teachers, and 629,548 scholars. The number of scholars added to the Churches was 11,177.

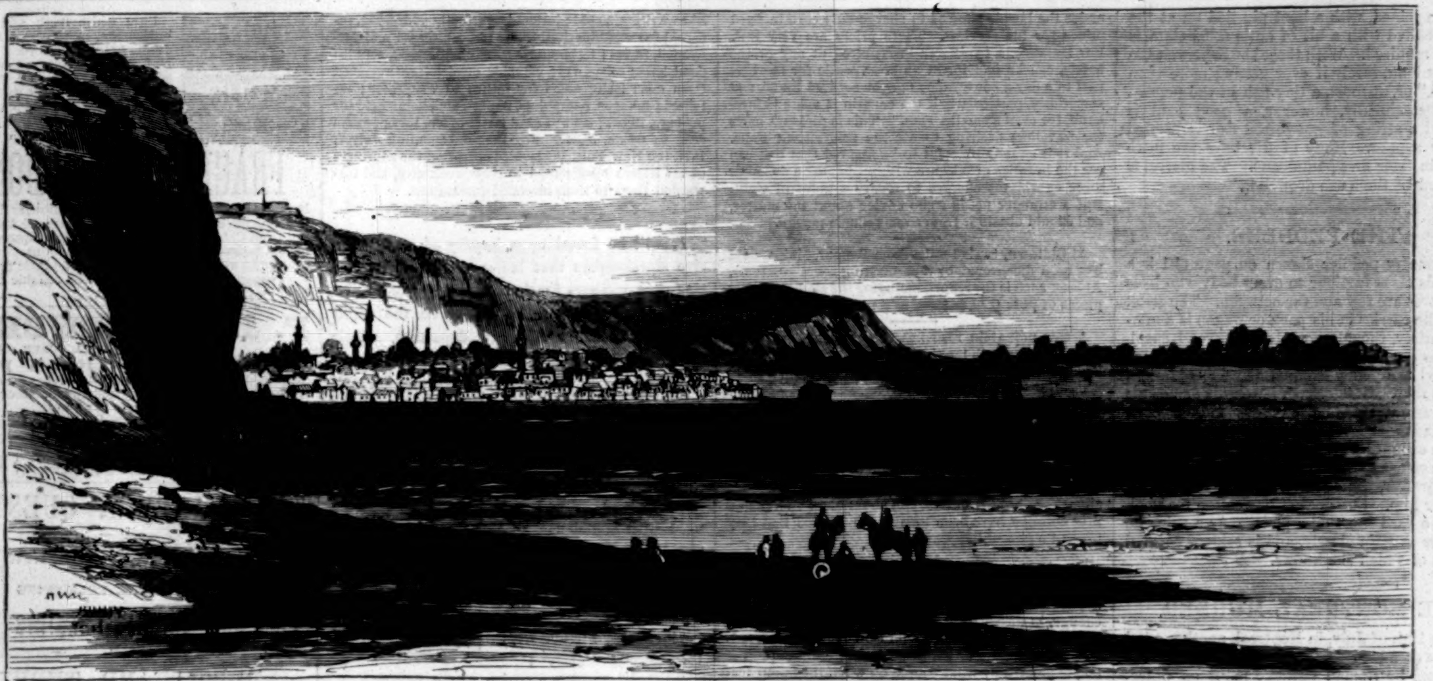
The project has been broached of a "World's Missionary Convention," to be held in London in the autumn of 1878.

An illustration—one of many such—of the methods by which Christian missions renew intellectual life in countries whose civilization is decaying, is furnished by the life of the eminent Syrian missionary, Dr. SIMEON H. CALHOUN. About the year 1843 it was determined to establish a school in Syria for the training of native teachers, and Dr. CALHOUN was appointed to do the work. "The spot chosen for the experiment," says the editor of the *Evangelist*, from whose account we draw, "was Abeieh, a village on the side of Mount Lebanon, about six hours' ride from Beyrout. Here this noble man sat himself down to teach a group of Arab boys, hoping in time to see them grow to be men, and to become pastors and teachers. It was a very slow work. But he entered upon it cheerfully, pursued it diligently, and *after a generation had passed* he could see its fruits all over Syria and the East. From his academy on Mount Lebanon there have gone out teachers carefully grounded in natural philosophy, the lower mathematics, geography, history, Arabic, and especially the Bible. These teachers are in Jaffa, Gaza, the land of Moab, in Ramoth-Gilead, and in Damascus. The teacher of the High School in the latter city is one of his pupils." Dr. CALHOUN was a classmate in Williams College of Dr. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, editor of the New York *Observer*.



THE MONTREAL RIOT—SCENE OF THE MURDER OF HACKETT.—From Sketches by John W. Gray.—[See Page 610.]

THE MONTREAL RIOT—ARRIVAL OF THE FUNERAL PROCESSION AT CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.—From Sketches by John W. Gray.—[See Page 610.]



NICOPOLIS, ON THE DANUBE.

NICOPOLIS.

IN our news columns we have already noted the partial burning of Nicopolis by the Russians during the bombardment which accompanied the crossing of the Danube on the morning of June 27. Still later, on July 15, the Russians captured the town, and with it 6000 Turks and forty guns. HASSAN PASHA and ACHMET PASHA, who were in command, were also made prisoners. These two pashas are the same who recently permitted 260 pontoons to pass Nicopolis for the building of the Sistova bridge. It is suspected that they were bribed. Two Monitors also fell into the hands of the Russians. The London *Times* correspondent, speaking of the capture, says:

"I have visited the two Monitors captured from the Turks. They can probably be made ready for action without much delay. I have also seen the Turkish prisoners, who were transported to the Roumanian side of the Danube today. The prisoners are all regulars, the Bashi-Bazouks and Circassians having left some time ago. On the heights commanding Nicopolis empty cartridge cases lying in every direction tell of a desperate struggle. Thousands of rifles, bayonets, and accoutrements are piled along the road to the town, where a train of 300 wounded Moslems await removal into improvised hospitals. The Turks burned their stores and the principal buildings of the town last night before surrendering."

The town is a very ancient one, having been founded by TRAJAN in the beginning of the second century. It lies on the right bank of the Danube, in a long and extensive ravine, which widens as it approaches the river. Its fortifications consist of a fort on the river, armed with five heavy guns, commanding the Danube and its islands; further, a triangular citadel on a plateau with steep sides falling abruptly to the town. The narrow east side is protected by two bastions, the point in the west by a half-circular one, and the long sides north and south have each two bastions.

Nicopolis has an interesting history. It was under its walls that the Sultan BAJAZET I. defeated King SIGISMUND of Hungary, the future Emperor of Germany, September 28, 1396. The Christian army, numbering 60,000 men, among them many French warriors, was totally routed, but SIGISMUND escaped in a boat. Here it was that the great Ottoman leader (little dreaming that seven years later he should himself be carried captive in an iron cage by the horsemen of TIMOUR) made that whirlwind charge which earned him the title of "Yilderim," or Lightning; and here, too, were captured those Christian youths whose gallant bearing moved the conqueror to enroll them in his own body-guard, as "too good for the dogs from whom they sprang." The Grand Moolah himself blessed them with the words, "May Allah prosper the Yeni-tsheri!"—new soldiers; and thus arose the name Janizary, fated to become thereafter the terror alike of its Christian foemen and its Moslem creators.

A STREET IN ERZERUM.

THE town of Erzerum, or "Land of Rome" (so called because it was originally founded under the Eastern Roman Empire), is on a fertile plain on the river Kara Su, a branch of the Euphrates, about 120 miles southeast of Trebizond. It is an important point on the line of the Turkish defense of Armenia. It stands on a small hill, or several hills, at a height of 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and at the foot of a mountain with a double top, called Devé Dagh, the Camel Mountain, which, in the hands of an enemy, would render the defense of the city very difficult. The population is estimated at 40,000, of whom 30,000 are Turks. The remainder are orthodox or Catholic Armenians. The city contains twenty-eight khans, thirteen public baths, seventy mosques and merjids and churches of the Armenian, Latin, and Greek Christians. The new part of the town is partly surrounded by an old castellated wall, but a large part of the place is not walled. A deep ditch was excavated round the suburbs some years ago to keep off the Russians. There are some curious ancient buildings in and around the citadel, and nearly thirty tombs in the form of circular towers, with conical stone roofs, after an early Saracenic style of architecture, dating, some of them, as far back as the twelfth century. The most elegant buildings ever erected in the city are in ruins, being two colleges, one of them remarkable for its minarets, which were built of fine brick, fluted like Ionic columns, and enameled in some parts with a blue color.

In the Hon. ROBERT CURZON'S book on Armenia, published by HARPER & BROTHERS, with maps and illustrations, a very interesting description is given of a year's observations in this old city, and on the frontiers of Russia, Turkey, and Persia. Speaking of Erzerum, MR. CURZON says: "I have never seen nor heard of any thing the least like it. It is totally and entirely different from any thing I ever saw before. As the whole view, whichever way one looked, was wrapped in interminable snow, we had not at first any very distinct idea of the nature of the ground that there might be underneath; the tops of the houses being flat, the snow-covered city did not resemble any other town, but appeared more like a great rabbit-warren; many of the houses being wholly or partly subterranean, the doors looked like burrows. In the neighborhood of the consulate there were several large heaps and mounds of earth, and it was difficult to the uninitiated to discriminate correctly as to which was a house and which was a heap of soil or stones."

The streets of Erzerum are for the most part narrow and filthy; but some of them, like the one shown in our illustration on this page, are broad, if not overclean. In the latter the houses are larger and of better types than those described above. Of one of these MR. CURZON says: "Our house, like most of the others, was built with great solidity, of rough stone, with large blocks at the corners; the roof was flat, and covered with green turf; the windows were small, like port-holes; but the door was a large arch, through which we rode into the gloomy, sepulchral-looking hall, out of which opened the stables on the right hand, the kitchen and offices and some other rooms on the left, while in front a dark staircase of square stones and heavy beams looked as if it had tumbled through the ceiling, and gave access to the upper floor. We had nineteen lambs, which grazed on the top of the house, where they were carried up every morning, except occasionally when there was such a wind that they would be in danger of being blown away. We had I know not how many sheep with large tails. These took a walk every day with a shepherd, who led out all the sheep belonging to the inhabitants of that part of the town. Every house having a few, they are marked, and all come home every evening to their respective houses, and go out again the next morning, and eat what they can get upon the mountains."

THE GREAT DOCK FISHERIES.

THE fine engraving which appears on our first page illustrates a familiar scene in New York life along the docks. On almost any day of the year, except when the ice makes fishing impossible, hundreds of men and boys may be seen on the river front engaged in angling. The tackle used is of the most primitive kind. A line of cord or even of stout thread, full of knots where pieces

A STREET IN ERZERUM.

have been joined, with a bent pin tied on at the end, and baited with a bit of antiquated clam, is all that is required. With these the fishers sit the whole day long, rarely if ever getting more than a "nibble," or, at most, a tiny fish of the poorest flavor. Occasionally, however, a good haul is made, and a string of good-sized fish is carried home for supper. Many of the boys are mere children in their first pantaloons. The marvel is that so few of them are drowned.

THE PEDDLER.

THE country peddler shown on page 601 is a type of his class familiar to every body who lives where stores are few and far between. The stock of goods he carries in his pack or wagon is a marvel of variety, though not always beyond suspicion as to quality. Every thing from a camel's-hair shawl to a penny trumpet may be had of him for "less than cost." Flash jewelry is one of his special lines, and this he sells for a mere song to country lads and lasses, and even the older ones are often caught by his clever misrepresentations. When he comes to the muslins and ordinary dress goods, however, the country dame is generally a match for him. She doesn't buy cotton for wool, nor take a yard short on a piece. As a rule she drives her bargain closely, and is seldom cheated in things of which she knows.

THE MONTREAL MURDER.

ON the 12th of July, in Montreal, another cruel murder was added to the long list of outrages perpetrated by Roman Catholic mobs on peaceable Orangemen. One man was shot dead, and others were brutally beaten and wounded, without the least provocation. The Orangemen had made concessions so far as to forego the usual street parade, and content themselves with the quiet observance of the day in the churches. In return they were assured by the leading representatives of the various Roman Catholic benevolent societies that they should not be molested. Notwithstanding these pledges, the streets were early occupied by crowds of excited ruffians eager for the fray. A young lady, returning from church, carried a lily, which was taken from her, and she was assaulted. A young gentleman, an Orangeman, sprang to the assistance of her companion. At this juncture, the mob becoming violent, the ladies were hurriedly escorted to the shops at the upper end of Radegonde Street, and there found refuge. The ladies were very much agitated, but received no serious injuries. A close watch was kept on the building by the mob, in order to get at the men who had protected the ladies, but the doors were closed, and the crowd made no offensive demonstrations against the building.

An eye-witness tells what followed in these words: "About twenty minutes past one in the afternoon a young man dressed in light clothes, who went past from the house, was believed to be the one, and as he had an orange lily, the crowd rushed after him. When he got in front of the new buildings adjoining Alderman CLENDENNING's store, he endeavored to run into Fortification Lane, but the crowd was too close on his heels; and then a gentleman dressed in dark tweed clothes, and with a mustache, interfered, declaring that he would take the young fellow's part. At this the mob turned from the young man first pursued and attacked the other. The first man then got clear, and ran into DUNN's store. The second endeavored to rush after him, but the mob was so close that those inside shut the door suddenly, and he was at the mercy of the crowd, one of whom deliberately shot him dead. The murdered man's name was THOMAS LETT HACKETT. He was an Orangeman, twenty-two years of age, and city reporter for a well-known commercial agency." GIROUX, the lacrosse player, who was in the fight, was wounded in the cheek, and four others were seriously injured. The upper illustration on page 608 shows the scene of the riot.

The funeral of the murdered man took place on the 16th ult. from Christ Church Cathedral, shown on page 608. The services there were performed by Canon BALDWIN, Dean of Montreal, Rev. JAMES CARMICHAEL, and other clergymen. The church was thronged, and an immense crowd surrounded it. The police and the military preserved order. After leaving the church the procession met with no opposition, and the burial services proceeded without interruption.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

HOMES of the poor are often made unlovely from mere ignorance of household science. To mitigate this evil, the "Kitchen-Garden" system was devised by the lady in charge of the Wilson Mission in this city, and put into operation about two years ago. The object is to teach the children of the poor many important things, chiefly house-work, in a cheerful, enthusiastic, and fascinating way, somewhat on the plan of the Kindergarten. Miniature sets of household furniture are provided, and the little ones perform the various duties of laying the table, sweeping the room, washing the dishes, etc., singing at the same time songs which contain directions for these operations. The system combines enjoyment with instruction; and when first there was a public exhibition of the Kitchen-Garden of Wilson Mission, it awakened much interest, and a demand was made for something similar in other schools. The teachers of the Olivet Chapel Mission obtained permission to introduce the system into their work, and have done so with great success. We understand that next winter the Kitchen-Garden will be extended to the Howard Mission, and probably to other industrial schools in this city.

It is said that the hackmen of Niagara Falls have been misrepresented—that they are not such wholesale swindlers as the public has been led to believe. No doubt the public will be heartily glad to be convinced that the contrary is true. An exchange informs us that "every driver of a public carriage at Niagara is under $300 bonds to deal honestly with visitors, and, under the law, is allowed to charge only certain fixed prices for his services. These prices are very low. For instance, a two-horse hack, hired at any of the hotels, can be had for $1 an hour, while for the best part of a day a conveyance may be secured for $5, and sometimes, particularly if the bargain is made beforehand, for even a smaller sum." This is pleasant news for travellers desiring to see the magnificent Falls. And it is equally pleasant to be assured that one can see the beauties of Niagara without paying a dozen or more exorbitant charges to secure a point of sight. But a stranger needs some advice about the matter, and should obtain it from some reliable person.

At Oldtown, twelve miles from Bangor, Maine, gold has been discovered by men blasting for a reservoir. At least such is the report, including the statement that pieces of pure gold as large as a pea have been found.

A new mountain road has been opened from West Point to Cornwall, making a passage over the Highlands much needed for traffic, and, moreover, a most delightful and picturesque drive. This road was projected several years ago, and the necessary surveys made, but the work was not begun until the spring of 1875. It has been built chiefly by subscriptions from the towns of Newburg, Cornwall, and Highland Falls.

The Round Lake Camp-meeting Grounds include about fo[ur] hundred acres, and about one hundred and fifty cottag[es] have been erected, so located that they present a pleasant appearance.

It is well at this season to keep in mind all advice respecting the use of ice-water, and make a personal application of so much of it as seems sensible. An exchange, in discoursing upon the "perils of ice-water," remarks that no woman would think of cooling a red-hot cooking-stove by throwing ice-water upon it. Yet this is practically what people do when they pour ice-water into their stomachs when they are at the highest point of chemical combustion. The cook who puts out her fire with water, knows that the potatoes in the pot will stop boiling; so, when the heated stomach is deluged with ice-water, the process of digestion is arrested. A very little cold water, slowly sipped, will quench thirst better than a tumblerful hastily swallowed. The same is true in regard to eating ice-cream. If eaten slowly, it is more enjoyable, more cooling, and seldom harmful, even in hot weather.

In this country, among physicians of broad views, there is a growing spirit of liberality in regard to the different methods of medical practice. In this respect America is in advance of England, as is evident from an interesting correspondence on the subject of homœopathy which appears in the *Lancet*. Dr. George Wyld, the vice-president of the British Homœopathic Society, on the part of himself and associates, inquires whether there is no ground for reconciliation between the older school of medicine and his own. He says that British homœopathists have discarded their globules and infinitesimals, and give doses of tangible strength, sufficiently large to effect the object. They admit that Hahnemann's views were often extravagant and incorrect; they will accept the dictum of Hippocrates that some diseases are to be cured by similars, and some by contraries; and "therefore," adds the doctor, "it is unwise and incorrect to assume the title of homœopathist." The *Lancet*, however, does not seem inclined to accept any overtures in a cordial spirit, but asserts that British practitioners of the "regular school" can only receive homœopathists upon a full renunciation of their errors, and a complete acceptance of the old established system of medicine.

Notes and Queries mentions that readers of fiction may be interested to know that Oliver Twist is a person who once had a real existence, although long before the time of Charles Dickens. The following entry, among others relating to the same family, is taken from the parish register of Shelford, Nottinghamshire:

"1563. The vth of Januar., Dorothie Twiste, daughter of Oliver Twiste."

Is there yet one disbeliever in the potency of "blue glass?" If so, let him read and tremble at the discoveries of an acute observer, recorded in the Burlington *Hawkeye*:

"The other day we watched a sickly looking house fly crawling across a pane of blue glass in a south window. It crawled very slowly, and by the time it had gone two inches it was as big as a blue-bottle. It developed into a bumble-bee in less time than it takes to li—to write about it; when it got to the middle of the pane it was as big as a robin, and when it reached the sash it flew on the centre table and laid a big double-yolk egg, cackled wildly for a second, and then with a wild scream dashed through a window, seized a Brahma rooster in its terrible talons, and soaring aloft, a disappearing mote in the grand disk of the sun, was soon lost to view."

Tompkins Square is in such a neglected condition as to cause general complaint from those in the vicinity, who would profit by a breathing-place during the hot season.

Statistics show that in several of the European states there has been a very decided decrease in homicidal crimes since the abolition of capital punishment.

There have been in London two exhibitions of designs of the intended Byron Memorial. None of the works presented on the first occasion were considered worthy; but from designs recently exhibited at the Albert Hall, choice has fallen upon a model by Mr. Richard Belt. This design represents Lord Byron seated on the summit of a rock by the sea-side, watching the grandeur of the ocean, and possibly indulging in imagination, afterward to find utterance in glowing, soul-stirring words. The poet rests his head upon his right hand, and in his left holds book and pencil. At his side is extended his faithful friend and companion, the dog Boatswain, who looks up intelligently in his master's face. The artist's design is fine, his outline flowing, his modeling bold and free. He has taken his inspiration apparently from the passage in "Childe Harold" commencing,

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene."

The following statistics may be interesting to letter-writers. Mr. Hallett, superintendent of the inquiry office, where misdirected letters are sent, submitted a report to Postmaster James recently, showing the amount of business transacted by the bureau during a period of three months. It contained the following items: Inquiries received at desk of superintendent for missing letters, packages, etc., 9121; letters returned from stations to this office, 22,910; mail letters advertised and sent to dead letter office, 34,766; whole number of letters sent to dead letter office, 62,184; letters returned to writers, 30,894; letters imperfectly addressed, received for examination, 38,283; re-addressed and forwarded, 36,918; letters imperfectly addressed, sent to dead letter office, 713; valuable dead letters received from dead letter office for return to writer, 439; retained packages, pamphlets, papers, etc., being held for postage, 15,507; sent to dead letter office, 1396; papers sent to waste, 12,092. For the week ending July 7, 1877, the New York Post-office corrected the addresses of 717 letters misdirected to New York city, and forwarded them to their intended destination.

IT will be found upon inquiry of representative storekeepers that ladies no longer depend on foreign makers for their Perfumery and Toilet Articles. To Messrs. COLGATE & Co. the credit is largely due for this new departure. Their Cashmere Bouquet Soap and Violet Toilet Water are universally esteemed by the tasteful and refined as the most delicate and recherché of perfumes.—[*Com.*]

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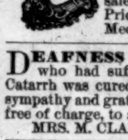

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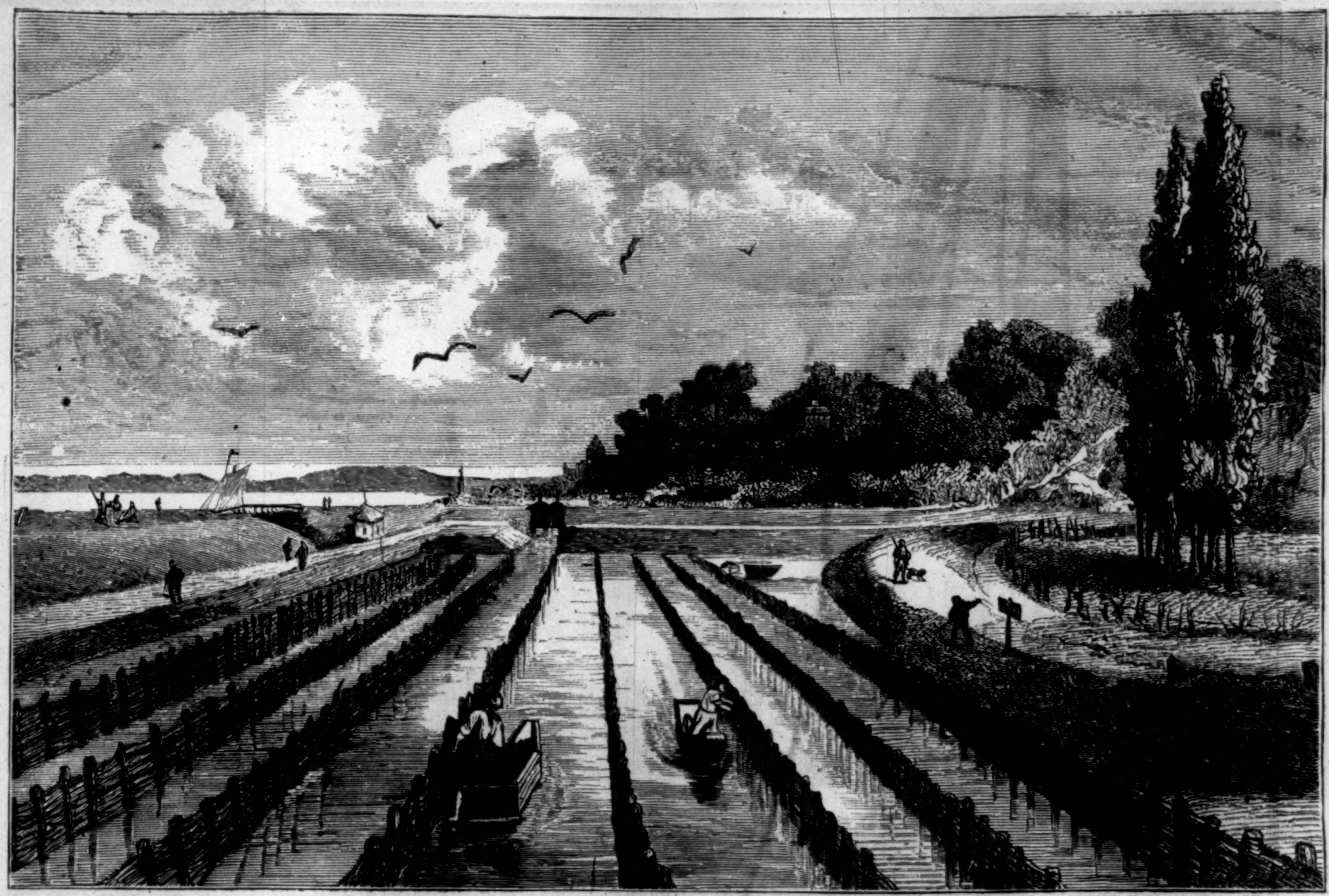

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CARIBOU-HUNTING IN CANADA.—[See Page 616.]

FLEEING FROM PERSECUTION.—FROM TH

gard to which the victim expressed a despairing regret that the chicken had not been induced to wade through once more.

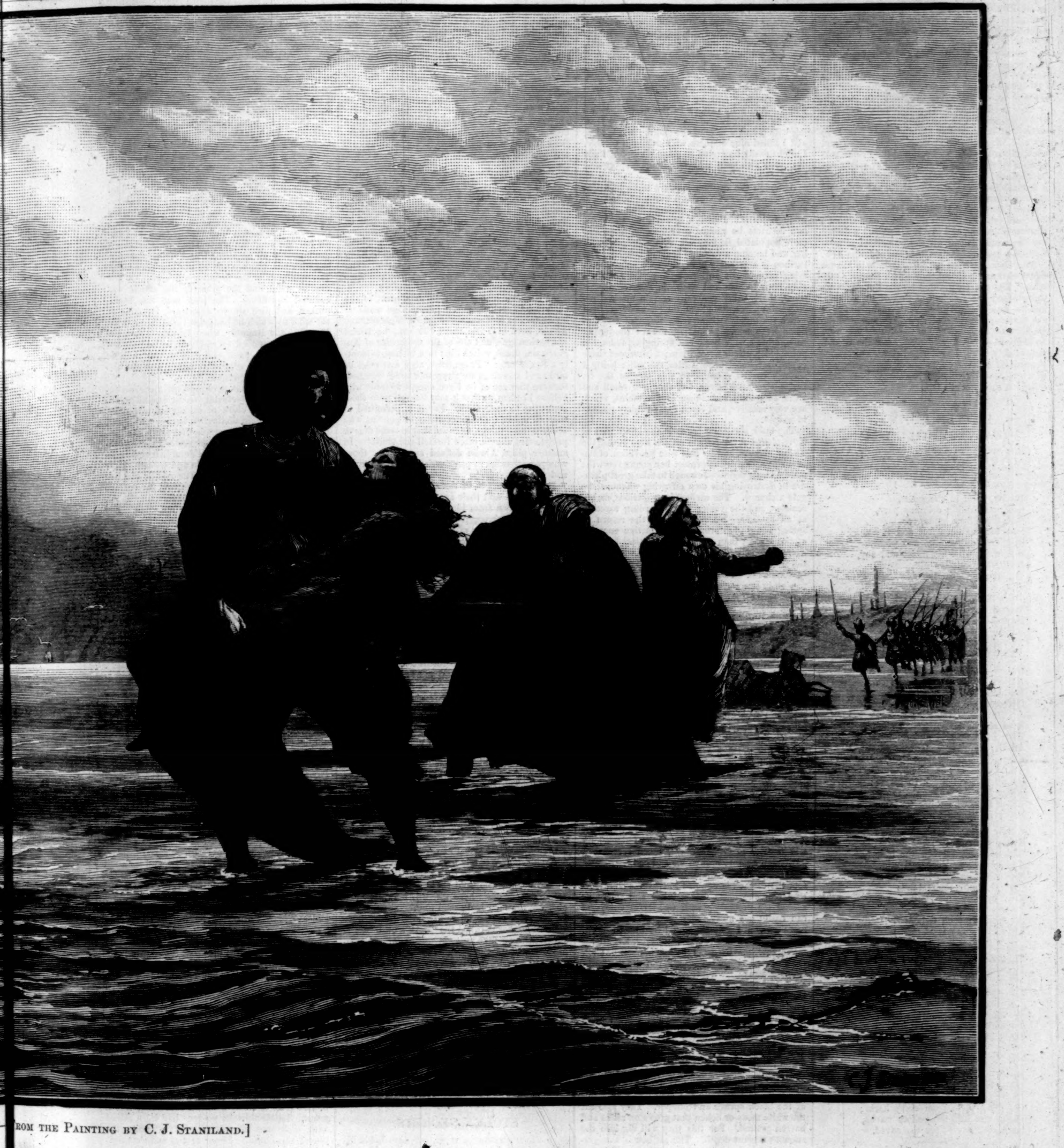
But if we were before inclined to sympathize with the empty closets and vacuous refrigerators of our fellow-creatures in the sunny land of France, what shall we say now, when we learn that they are endeavoring to add to the scanty list of the first causes from which their lengthy *menus* are elaborated by the artificial cultivation of mussels? The mussel can hardly be considered a luxury or a delight even when, with the natural *abandon* of his impulsive disposition, he hurls himself in multitudinous abundance upon our shores. The very recklessness he displays in rushing toward his fate; the humility with which he spreads himself beneath our feet, inviting the kick of scorn from our toes, and the scrunch of annihilation from our heels, prove that he does not regard himself as a dainty, nor consider himself entitled to display any coyness of coquetry in the matter of being caught.

Now, however, the time has come when the mussel is entitled to cast off the garments of humility. His star has arisen, and henceforth he may rival those aristocrats among bivalves, the oyster and the clam. France—or rather that aching void of unparalleled emptiness, the commissary department of the French household—has come to his rescue. The mussel is to become the subject of experiments vast and comprehensive. He is to be developed, cultivated, and brought to his fullest perfection through the efforts of human ingenuity, united with his own congenital desire for improvement. In earnest that we are not deceiving our readers in regard to the missionary labors going on among this hitherto despised division of the important family of mollusks, we offer them an engraving on the preceding page, which shows, as plainly as art can do, what elaborate arrangements are being made by our Gallic friends for the comfort and pleasure of the mussel while he is undergoing the pleasant process of development. The site selected for this new experiment, which, according to a note from our artist, is called by its projectors "a new branch of pisciculture; the artificial breeding, rearing, and fattening of mussels," is just at the mouth of the river Somme, a short distance below the pretty township of St. Valery, and not far from the outlet of the splendid ship-canal that connects it with Abbeville. The name of the gentleman at the head of this mussel-cultivating movement is M. LEMAIRE. The process by which he expects to accomplish great results for the mussel, and subsequently for the yawning French larder, may be divided into three stages. Just off the head of the towing embankment of the canal are placed, close to low-water mark, rows of wattled stakes, which at a distance might be mistaken for lines of sheep hurdles. These serve for intercepting the spat and germs of the wild mussels, which, after being washed away from natural beds lying miles off along the sea-coast at Hourdel and elsewhere, are carried about by the tidal current. These stick and fasten to the twigs of the wattling, where they are allowed to grow until they have reached a certain size, when they are picked off. During this first probationary stage they live in conditions very nearly identical with those on the natural bed. From their first position they are removed to deep wide tanks, likewise set with parallel rows of wattled stakes, and lying close to high-water mark. These pits, two in number, and averaging fifteen acres, are called *les bacs d'élevage*, and are designed with a view to hastening the maturity of the mussels deposited in them by means of water, which, from its sheltered position at the foot of wooded heights, keeps warmer than the tidal stream. It is also noticeably softened by its admixture with the canal outpour, while the variety of animal and vegetable matter carried by the Somme supplies the mussels with abundant food. The spawning follows in its due seasons, and the spat thus thrown off finds a fitting receptacle and shelter in a broad tangled belt of twigs and fine branches set round the four sides of each *bac d'élevage*.

After attaining in these breeding pits a certain size, the young mussels are gathered up and thrown into a large pool, some forty-two acres in area, and seventeen or eighteen feet deep, which is also planted with numerous rows of stakes and wattles. This pool is called *le parc*. From causes similar to those which obtain in the *bacs d'élevage*—namely, a higher temperature, softer water, and plentiful food—the mussel soon begins to develop to a perfection of which few would have imagined him capable. In size, plumpness, juiciness, color, and flavor he shows what has been gained by careful [illegible]ivation, an[illegible] is very much like th[illegible] produced i[illegible] and leathery wild oy[illegible] by simil[illegible] treatment.

When the mussels [illegible] ready for [illegible] are gathered off the r[illegible] of wattled [illegible] very picturesque and [illegible]inal fashio[illegible] ter having been dispo[illegible] of by mean[illegible] sluice-ways, a shallow, [illegible]row boat, n[illegible] boards, and called *le p[illegible]e-pied*, fro[illegible] ner in which it is pro[illegible]ed, is carri[illegible] the sloping edge of the [illegible], and laid [illegible] keel. The mussel-gath[illegible]r places on[illegible] the bottom board, kee[illegible] his other l[illegible] side, and thus, astride [illegible]he gunwale, [illegible] boat forward by means [illegible] continuous [illegible] foot used for this purp[illegible] being prote[illegible] rough boot. By means [illegible] his hands h[illegible] between the espalier-li[illegible] rows of sta[illegible] vintager between rows [illegible] vines, pluck[illegible] cles and clusters of m[illegible]sels, which [illegible] fairly represent what t[illegible] Italians cal[illegible] *mare*.

The adhering qualiti[illegible] of the muss[illegible] made use of in another [illegible]rious mann[illegible]



N.—From the Painting by C. J. Staniland.]

...ivation, and the change
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...by similarly careful

...ready for market, they
...of wattled stakes in a
...inal fashion. The wa-
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...Italians call *fruitti di*

...of the mussel are also
...rious manner by this

wonderfully ingenious and economical French nation. The byssus, or means by which the mussel attaches himself to rock or twig, are a bundle of silky filaments, and the tenacity with which they hold may be considered marvelous. In an aquarium they readily attach their byssus threads even to the smooth glass, and these threads may be broken more easily than detached, even from such a polished surface. Adapting this peculiarity to practical uses, the builders of the breakwater at Cherbourg immediately after its completion planted it with tons of mussels, so that the binding power of these tiny mollusks might strengthen the great earth-work.

In concluding this article, we wish good luck to the mussels. They have erred in making themselves too numerous, so that the markets are all overstocked with them. Thus they have come to be greatly undervalued and slighted. Now, however, through the endeavors of their French friends and admirers, they will, no doubt, rise from their lowly estate, and may in time win a place in our gastronomic affections equal to the one occupied by that luscious and honored bivalve, the oyster.

FLEEING FROM PERSECUTION.

It is dreary and saddening to think how much of persecution has been endured, how much of sorrow heroically borne, "for conscience' sake," since the world began. Perhaps the two most notorious instances of such suffering among the refined and intelligent men and women of the latter centuries, are our own Puritan forefathers and the Huguenots. To this last great sect of religionists the unfortunates in our double-page engraving seem to belong.

Catherine di Medici, in the middle of the sixteenth century, had shown the world what an amount of treachery and bloodshed could be planned and carried out by a woman, and, a hundred years later, Cardinal Richelieu had shown the power of persecution that rested in the hands of a great statesman; but it remained for Louis XIV. and Madame De Maintenon to devise the horrors that were executed in what are known as the *Dragonnades*. These expeditions consisted of bodies of armed men led by a bishop, an intendant, a subdelegate, or a priest, who marched through the provinces, demanding of the heretics that they should abjure their faith. Those that yielded were treated with some slight consideration; but the refractory were left to the mercy of the unscrupulous soldiery. Foremost among the armed force rode dragoons, who, from the fact of their taking the precedence, and also from the merciless treatment to which they subjected the Protestants, had the unenviable honor of giving a name to the expeditions.

The *Dragonnades* were begun in the early part of the year 1685, and during the few months of their continuance hundreds of thousands of Protestants fled to Switzerland, the Netherlands, England, and Germany. In vain was the attempt made to restrain this self-expatriation by cordons along the borders. On the 23d of October, in the same year, the Edict of Nantes was repealed, and this gave a new impulse to flight. Other persecutions were also added to those already suffered by the Protestants. Their marriages were declared null; their children deprived of the right of inheritance, and forcibly shut up in convents; their preachers were indiscriminately put to death. From the vicinity of Nismes, where they had always been very numerous, thousands betook themselves to the mountains of Cevennes, and there continued the exercise of their religion in secret. Among these and the mountaineers of the Cevennes a remarkable religious enthusiasm displayed itself, and under the name of *Camisards* they maintained for a number of years a wonderfully successful opposition to the forces of the monarchy. Through this and other struggles, and the constant emigration that went on, France lost within a comparatively short time more than a million of her most active, enterprising, and industrious citizens, while among those that remained to endure the fire of persecution were about two millions, whose adherence to the Protestant faith continued unshaken.

After this storm, however, there ensued a period of comparative calm, and at the end of ten years there was a revival of Protestant worship in Provence and Dauphiny. But the indignation of the Catholics was soon aroused, and persecution began again. Louis XV., in 1724, issued a severe edict against the offenders. Then followed another quarter of a century during which the Huguenots suffered all manner of tribulation. Finally, in 1752, another edict was pub-